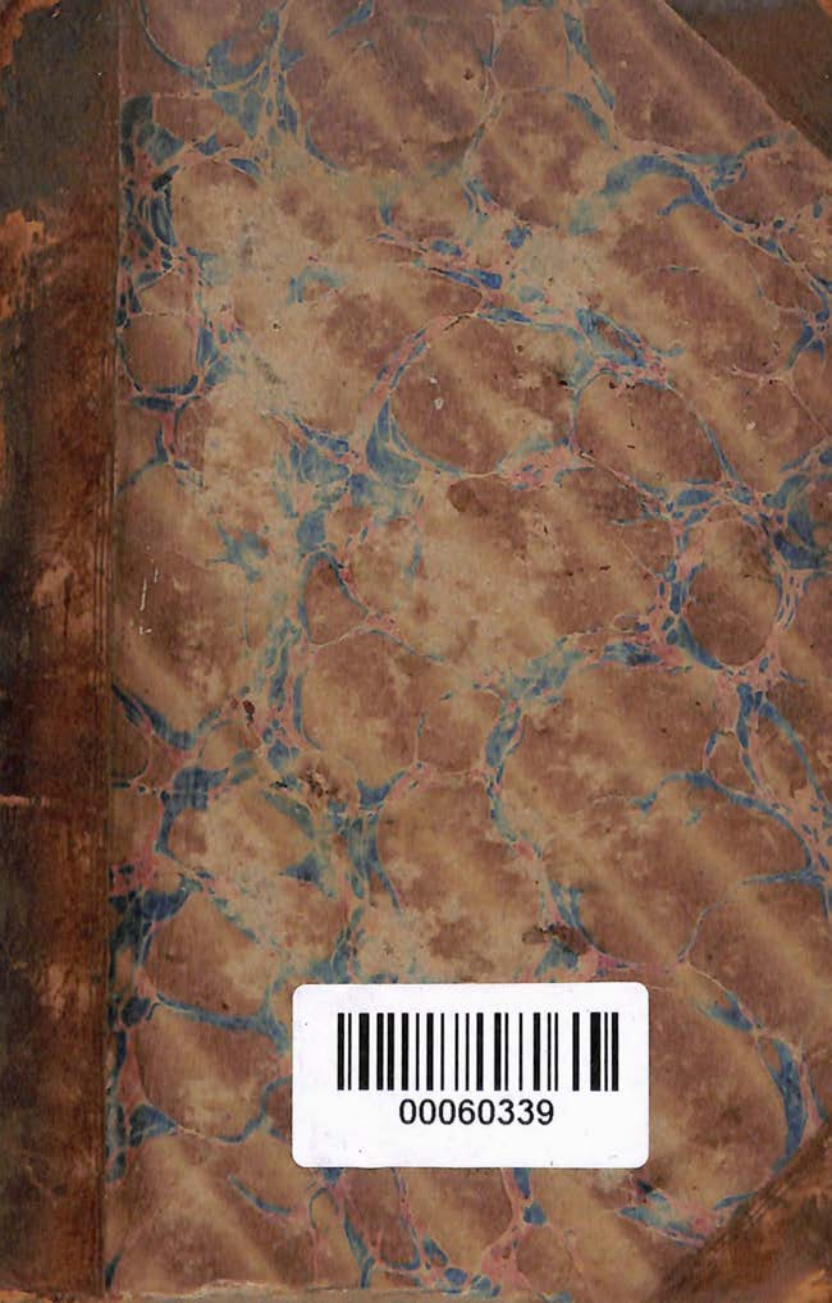
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BRIGANDAGE

IN

SOUTH ITALY.

60339

BY

DAVID HILTON.

"E' una vasta cospirazione di cose e di nomini, di fatalitá e di errori, di passioni e di prejudizi, della storia e della politico, a danno della sicurezza delle provincie del mezzogiorno e della forza dell' Italia."

MASSARI. *Report to the Italian Parliament. May*, 1863.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BRIGANDAGE IN SOUTH ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

POLITICAL CAUSES.

Political brigandage a great crime—Charged upon the ex-king of the Two Sicilies and the Papal power—Glance at the political situation of Italy from 1849—The Free Constitution of 1849, and the French occupation of Rome points of departure respectively for the health and the sickness of Italy—Victor Emanuel—Cavour—Garibaldi—The popular movement in Sicily—Garibaldi and his Thousand—Francis II.—His one virtue—The Constitution of Francis—Return of the exiles—Flight of Francis—Arrival of Garibaldi—United Italy, or a union of Italies—Puzzling questions of Policy—The question of laws—The capital—Centripetal and centrifugal forces—Theory and temporary expedients—Difficulty of these problems—Largeness of the national faith; littleness of its discontents—The disturbing force came from without—The vast importance of the French occupation—Necessary moral alliance of the ex-king and the Papal power—Their practical alliance—Immense responsibility of the French Government—The presence of Francis II. in Rome a source of disquiet in South Italy—Anomaly of the French occupation—Temporal power of the Pope a fiction—Francis II. in intimate relations with the heads of committees—Brigands enrolled in his name—Sworn to restore the Church and King to their lost power—Report of Castagnola to the Italian Parliament—Com-

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THE causes hitherto enumerated are active in producing common brigandage, which has always existed in these provinces and always will exist, until education and free institutions shall have changed the character of a large portion of the population.

Political brigandage is not less a habit of this people. We have seen how, in 1799 and 1806—1810, brigandage became pious and devoted to legitimacy. Since the fall of Francis II. we have been spectators of a new development of political brigandage.

This differs from common robbery and murder only in its origin. Though priest and king invite and consecrate these crimes, they do not cease to be simple crimes. The facts abundantly prove that what we have witnessed in South Italy for three years is simply crime apotheosized by Papal encouragement.

Political brigandage is the common sort used by interested parties to promote political ends.

It is robbery, arson and murder directed to destroy a state.

There can be no greater crime against society than that of organizing, paying, and directing the rogues of a nation for the purpose of destroying it. For though it may not be a crime to destroy a nation, it is always the greatest of crimes to corrupt, befoul, disorganize society. Brigandage strikes deeper than nationality. It goes to the original principles that unite man to man, and it sets up the right of the strongest as the only morality, the only legality. This is brigandage in principle. In practice it is all that the principle foreshadows. In burning houses, outraged women, murdered children, estates desolated and villages sacked, it writes its awful sentence against society. Modern civilization has settled the rights of war in order that conflicts among nations may not degenerate into barbarous demolitions of society. He who destroys a state may build a better on its ruins; but he who destroys a society has left no foundation on which to build anything but a chaos of disorder.

Political brigandage implies a great crime in

somebody who favours and feeds it. This crime the Italian people lay at the doors of the Papal government and the ex-king of Naples. Such a charge is not to be lightly accepted as proved, and I shall presently examine it fully.

The political situation of Italy, from 1849, is a necessary part of this examination; for 1849 gave Italy a blessing and a curse—a constitutional government in Sardinia; the French occupation in Rome. The blessing was the point of departure for a United Italy; the curse was the point of departure for the current political brigandage. Neither the one result nor the other was intended by their authors; but the results flow none the less logically from their initial causes. If in 1859 Sardinia had not been a constitutional country, her king would not have been the desire of all Italy. If in 1860 the French troops had not been in Rome, there would not be now any Pontifical frontier. Only in appearance was 1849 a misfortune for Italy. It laid the foundations of her present political edifice. It closed the era of aimless revolutions, of blind popular struggles for liberty.

The events of that year must be a marvel to the future historian. The ordinary course of events was arrested. Defeat was made honourable and beneficent. The people of Sardinia force a constitution from Carlo Alberto, and then force him into a conflict with Austria. At Novara, Carlo Alberto is defeated and abdicates. Victor Emanuel, crowned in the smoke of a lost battle to the music of victorious Austrian cannon, makes peace with Austria, but steadfastly refuses to abrogate the constitution which his father has given.

That is the glory of the Re Galantuomo, a glory brightened by fifteen years of faithful devotion to the great charter of his people.

From 1849 to 1859, Italy saw in little Piedmont the beneficent workings of free government. The exiles of Venice, of Rome, of Naples, of Tuscany studied constitutional government at Turin, and reported its success to their compatriots.

These ten years were the school of the Italian people. In Turin the king and his minister learned how to govern by law. The people of

Sardinia learned how to govern themselves under a constitutional system. Education, morality, religious principle were put on safe and enduring foundations; the industry and commerce of the kingdom increased with astonishing rapidity. The rest of the Italian race looked on, learned the lesson, and prepared to imitate the example.

The minister whom Providence gave, not simply to Piedmont, but to the whole Italian people, was not less a necessity of the occasion than the constitution and the constitutional king. There are passages in Cavour's diplomatic correspondence which deserve to be engraved on every statue set up to his memory. They are those in which, speaking nominally as the minister of Sardinia, he becomes the voice of the Italian race.

"*The Austrian power inspires the majority of the Italians who are subject to it with an unconquerable repugnance . . . . The true cause of the discontent of the Lombards is that they are governed by foreigners, by a people with whom they have no fraternity either of race, manners, tastes, or language. . . .*

"The Milanese and the Venitians, returning to their countries, after having visited peoples who enjoy national governments, feel more keenly the weight and humiliation of a foreign yoke. . . . . *Liberty in Piedmont, is then, we recognize it, a peril and a threat for Austria.* To remedy it, she is forced to select one of two courses. To destroy the liberal *regime* in Sardinia, or to extend her own dominion over all Italy, in order to prevent the contagion (of free principles) from spreading through those states of the Peninsula, whose governments have not sufficient force to repress the wishes of their peoples." *

In these passages, the logical connection of liberal government in Piedmont with the aspirations of the whole Italian race for free institutions was traced, in the smoke of the contest, with as much clearness as that with which the future historian will delineate it.

The plea of Count Cavour for Italy at the bar of public opinion, filled Europe and America with surprise. We learned for the first time that, since 1849, a prosperous and happy nation had

* See Despatches of Count Cavour.

been created between the Alps and the Apennines by the magical influence of free institutions; and that the Italian people were ripe for a great revolution. The plea of Cavour was responded to by the French people. Magenta and Solferino liberated the Italian race. All the rest of the struggle was the finishing up of these battles. With Austria expelled from Lombardy and humbled by defeat, with the whole Italian people roused to action, the glorious events of 1860 were necessary results. But the same Providence which had provided a voice for the nation, also gave it a sword, which was the perfect expression of its resolute will. Garibaldi, a man of the people, with no natural passion for arms, as he has recently told the English people, found enemies in his house, and turned soldier to expel them. It is his glory that he is so bound up and blended with the movement of 1860 that he cannot be distinguished from the popular demonstration of which he is the compendious symbol.

It was impossible that the people of Naples should be calm observers of the events which

were pushing the frontiers of Italy down towards their own. During 1859 revolution was all the while gathering its forces for a great, last effort to be free from the Bourbon corpse.

The popular movement first developed itself in Sicily. I make haste to put one laurel on the head of the Italian priesthood. The revolution of Palermo was planned in a convent of friars, and in that convent the first blood was drawn. In other parts of Sicily, priests carried the cross and the sword at the head of the insurgent columns. During the months of March and April, the popular movement went on gaining power. In May, it was reinforced by Garibaldi and his immortal thousand.

Garibaldi did not revolutionize Sicily. He found it in revolution, put himself at its head, and led it to reunion with Italy. The assertion of the reactionary party, that the Sicilian revolution was imported, is absurd. Garibaldi came after the revolution was in full progress. He brought a thousand men; there were twenty thousand Neapolitan troops in the island.

The King was a young man who had just

succeeded to the throne. His father, Ferdinand II., was dead after thirty years of the most detestable government—a government which had completed the transformation of the kingdom into the paradise of rogues and the inferno of honest men.

Francis II. had but one virtue—a Neapolitan respect for his father. He assumed the throne with a proclamation, in which he gravely informed his people that "he could not hope to equal the sublime virtues of his illustrious father!"

Neapolitans did not know whether to laugh at the young man's simplicity or to weep at the prospect of a continuation of the terrible system of the Ferdinands.

Francis II. failed to imitate the sublime vices of his father. The wave of popular feeling came down from the North and flooded the kingdom. The revolutionary spirits who had watched and waited since 1848, saw that their hour was come. They had prepared the ground. The advance of Garibaldi, heralded from Sicily by routed Bourbon soldiers and by popular rumour, which made

the captain of the people a demi-god,* completed the work. The liberals wrenched a constitution from the young king. There was a perfect understanding on both sides that this charter of rights was valueless unless supported by the same power which compelled the prince to give it—that it would last only while Francis feared the loss of his throne. Under the shelter of this constitution, the exiles returned from England, from France, and signally from Piedmont. The latter had a definite platform and clear convictions. They naturally fell into the conduct of affairs; they had witnessed an Italian government, founded upon the rights and seeking the well-being of the subject, headed by a King whose devotion to it had been tested under the strongest temptations, and illustrated by ten years of orderly and successful government. These men had a clear notion of what they meant by "Italy One under Victor Emanuel." They meant the extension of the system of Piedmont over the Peninsula. The body of the revolutionists had

* Defeated soldiers said of him: "After a battle, he shakes the musket-balls out of his shirt."

only a negative policy—deliverance from Bourbon oppression. The masses had a wild enthusiasm for Garibaldi. I think the Turin refugees —the *consorteria*, as it has been called—were right in their theory, but they may have abused their power.

This was the situation when Francis II. fled to the fortress of Gaeta and Garibaldi came to Naples, not as its conqueror but as its welcome representative. I need not dwell on the battles on the Volturno, the siege of Gaeta, the second flight of Francis II. The great event was the popular vote by which, with nearly two millions of ballots, the late kingdom elected Victor Emanuel for its new sovereign. By the will of the nation, Naples became part of Italy. In government we can admit no higher title than this conveys.

There are two classes of considerations which present themselves for discussion here. They relate to:—

I. The policy which the government at Turin has pursued.

II. The conduct of the external enemies of the kingdom of Italy.

On the first, I shall not descend to detail; the work would be too long. I believe that the policy of the successive ministries has been healthful and national. Their minor errors belong to the confidence of the Italian family.

The annexation of the new provinces of the kingdom raised a variety of intricate and puzzling questions of policy. On the main question there was no difference of opinion. "Let us unify Italy," was a platform for all. But so soon as it was necessary to put this creed into practice, it was discovered that some wanted a united Italy, others a union of Italies. In fact, it was the quarrel, old as the world — centralization *versus* local sovereignty.

Under the circumstances, it was idle to talk of preserving the gilded importance of Naples. The splendour of the court, so long synonymous with the squalor of the people, ought to have nauseated the friends of the new order. In one Italy there can be but one capital. Equally lame was the use of the phrase, independence of

Naples. Naples had no independence except what she acquired through the healthful breezes that blew from the North. Besides, she acquired a real independence through the system of constitutional government brought to her from Turin. There will always be, in every government, a party of centralization and another of distribution of powers; for these are two natural bases of parties, and one class of minds is more fearful of the centrifugal, another of the centripetal force. In any given case, dispassionate minds will inquire the actual situation before they decide between the contestants. It may often happen, too, that the contest keeps the state happily balanced between the two opposing forces, and both parties are substantially right.

It was forgotten in some parts of the Peninsula that one Italy implied the sacrifice of several petty sovereignties and mock independencies which, however hoary with age, were symbols of fifteen centuries of Italian humiliation. The capital of the new Italy could only be the capital of the old Italy. In this point there was substantial unity of sentiment; but Rome was not

yet in the power of Italy. It was believed that it could not be long a foreign state; but Italy was forced to wait for the solution of the Roman question. In the meantime was it wise to change the seat of the government for a brief period, with all the confusion and breaking-up of business machinery which must attend the change? and who should decide between the rival claims of Milan, Florence, and Naples? It was plainly the part of prudence to keep the capital where it was. Until it moved to Rome the government and court of Victor Emanuel were better left in their ancient seat.

Then came the question of laws. "Our laws," said the keen and accurate, but narrow lawyers of Naples, "are better than yours in Piedmont. If you change them it is only because you wish to make us Piedmontese." A most pitiful piece of special pleading. It was not at all a question of the excellence of this or that code; it was a question of uniformity, of making Italy really one. If it had been necessary to decide which of the codes of the peninsula was best, that of Naples might have been

found in many respects superior; though it may be doubted whether it could be perfectly adapted to a system of impartial freedom. Still, while the Neapolitans claimed that their laws were excellent and the disorders of former times were due, not to defects of legislation but to mal-administration, it was enough to reply, "We are not settling the question of the best code, we are unifying Italy. Piedmont has a code adapted to a constitutional order. It is already in force over one-third of our present territory. We shall avoid confusion and disorder by extending it over the remaining two-thirds of the kingdom. It will be in the power of the National parliament to adjust it to the new conditions, remove its defects, and add any peculiar excellences that belong to other codes." A united Italy implies oneness of law. Some time or other, then, there had to be a change at Naples, for it was not probable that her code would be accepted by all Italy. Now it was manifestly better that all changes should as far as possible be contemporaneous with the great change. The popular mind was aglow, sacrifices would be made, pre-

judices removed, and the Neapolitan state be absorbed, in the heat of enthusiasm.

The new government proceeded to the task of removing the furniture of the fallen monarchy, with a coolness and unconcern which appalled those Neapolitans who loved the symbols of royalty and autonomy in spite of all their painful memories.

It was the theory of the Government or of its Neapolitan administrators that the work of unification should be consummated as speedily as possible. In this, I believe, they were right. The time of particular measures may have been badly chosen; but perhaps the error lay in having to choose any time. If the whole Neapolitan house had come down in the day that Garibaldi entered Naples—if the first work of the provisional government had been to demolish its ruins—or if the entry of Victor Emanuel into the city had been the signal of its fall, that wing of the new Italian edifice would have been built more rapidly and more symmetrically.

The form of the new government furnished a new cause of discontent. Garibaldi was Dictator

over the old kingdom of Naples, continental and insular, until the plebiscite. Then followed three successive lieutenantcies or prodictatorships. Finally, in 1862, the whole kingdom was distributed into provinces made dependent upon the central government.

It is evident that the continuation of a central power at Naples was a device of the moment, continued only while it seemed probable that the moving of the government to Rome would not be long delayed, and would furnish the best occasion for a necessary change. It may have been wise to move gradually towards this system of provinces separately dependent upon the central power. There will always be a measure of uncertainty in the management of changes of this character, at the time, and even afterwards. Such problems of government depend for their solution upon such a variety of influences and circumstances, passions, prejudices and interests, that there is an unphilosophical rashness in deciding for or against any given policy; and perhaps a real philosopher, balancing the arguments for opposing measures, could not get the consent

of his judgment for acting at all. It is for this reason that the wisest statesmanship is that which, while it risks nothing, follows the course of events and moulds its policy upon the necessities and opportunities of each hour. But it does not follow that it is always the best statesmanship. It may happen that a measure which puts everything at risk shall gain everything.

It is probable that the Turinese who have worked in the south of Italy since 1860 and the Neapolitan exiles of Turin, have been too devoted to Piedmont, and have dreamed of little but the annexation of the great kingdom to the little duchy. Out of this have grown subordinate errors, provoking prejudices and hostilities that might have slumbered, giving occasion to enemies and a sense of insecurity to the people. But the great ideas on which the work of unity has gone forward were little in the power of individual men. They were the thoughts of a nation, the ripe fruit of centuries of experience got out of division, toil, battle and suffering.

Italy one implies a people homogeneous in institutions, in laws, in privileges and in cha-

racter. In such a kingdom Naples can make no claims not accorded to Genoa, no other autonomy than that which is given to Milan. Constitution, laws, education must be one and the same throughout the Peninsula. There will be municipal rivalries, jealousies and discontent, but they must be, will be, overborne by the common love of a common country, by the consciousness of security and strength, of greatness which is acquired by compact and homogeneous unity under one constitution.

On the other hand, it is not to be expected that this work of unity will go on without opposition within and without. There will be narrow men who cannot see the beauty of the new temple of Italian liberty, and will regret that some hovel in which they have lived and which was, in a certain sense, dear because they called it their own, is torn down to lay the foundations of a house for all. There will be honest discontents in every custom-house and post-office, where grey-headed employés are required to use new forms, report to new bureaus, and remodel their arithmetic to new tariffs and currencies. It

would be a miracle that such men should find the new system better than the old; it would be strange that in every particular it should actually be better.

In every old province—in Modena, in Parma, in Lombardy, in Naples, and in Sicily—there will be honest men who cannot forget the splendours of the courts which are gone, and cannot see in the diffusion of equal laws and universal education, in public works and national greatness, the more substantial beauties of the new order.

Over such obstacles the cause of Italy can pass triumphantly only by force of great ideas which lift men above the petty and temporary, and transfigure the future before their eyes. Such ideas are in the heart of the Italian people. It is happy for them that, while jealousies and animosities are with no other people so intense, the capacity for comprehending a great idea in the glow of a transfiguring imagination is nowhere so large and powerful.

Italy may be unmade (God forfend!) from without, but never from within. No littleness, indolence, or incapacity in her leaders can over-

throw what she has willed so strongly and works out so confidently. Want of faith in the people is the first vice of a public man, while it is the most common to men of culture. They are apt to believe that education has put larger distances between them and the masses than actually exist.

The power to receive a great truth and hold a great faith, is not dependent upon the ability to construe the classics, expound Euclid, write with ease and accuracy, or speak logically and fluently. But when a set of scholars, eminent perhaps in their specialities, are called by a great movement to the conduct of affairs—and this has been the case in Italy—we should not be surprised to find them staggering and wavering for fear the people will not follow them where truth and faith imperatively lead.

What the Italians need more than anything else is men of large faith in Italians and, signally, in the Italians of this generation. The nation is beckoned on by a great hope in which the people have a larger faith than the most sanguine of their leaders believe.

In the first few months of the new order,

little opposition was apparent at Naples. A few strongholds were in the power of the Bourbon troops, but the people were rejoicing in new found liberty and equal laws; in the enthusiasm inspired by the prospect of a great future. The reaction was inevitable, and it came. The Bourbon element within was active, and found full room for its activity. The very blessings of the new order gave them field and scope in which to traduce and destroy it. The Bourbon element from without was still more powerful, and found equal facility for sending distrust, discontent and disorder into the kingdom. The Millennium after all had not come; municipalism was falling, that was palpable; and though the temple of nationality was rising, that was impalpable. All this was natural, and was to have been foreseen, but it had not been, and to some Neapolitans it seemed a painful waking from a splendid dream.

Still, from within no great disturbing force could have been created. There was large individual discontent but the nation was satisfied. The disturbing force came from without.

I have touched upon these questions because

several French writers have exaggerated their importance and, perhaps unintentionally, created the impression that brigandage is, in some degree, a vent for popular discontents created by impolitic, languid and Piedmontese administrations.

I believe this to be utterly untrue. The wonder is that in the midst of such grave difficulties, local discontents have been so splendidly overborne by the national sentiment, and that the nation has moved so rapidly towards actual unity of government, laws, currency, commercial and port regulations, and, above all, of political faith.

The disturbing force which is expressed in brigandage, is the old wound inflamed by external influences. The occupation of Rome by the French furnished an occasion; the fallen Bourbon and the falling Papal power took advantage of it. No higher compliment can be paid to the nation than the simple fact that the only successful means of opposing Italian unity has been—BRIGANDAGE.

These two discordant forces were at one in their theory of government—which young Italy

was subverting—in their sympathies and in their interests. Of their views of government it is useless to speak; the sympathy is obvious. Their interests were the same because Francis wished to recover a lost throne, and the Papal government to maintain a falling one. Young Italy had overturned the one and boldly proclaimed its purpose to dispense with the other. The success of Italy in the old kingdom of Naples must lead to the subversion of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Surrounded by the fires of liberty this salamander of despotism could not hope to avoid being at last burned up. The subversion of Italy in Naples was as much the interest of the power represented by Antonelli as of that represented by Francis II. The Papal government sheltered by the flag of France, welcomed the dethroned Bourbon to Rome; and brigandage was sent across the frontier to scourge the people who had sought safety under the banner of Italy.

I see no reason to disguise the truth. I state it broadly; the evidence of the complicity of both powers in this nefarious work of disorder and anarchy is abundant, and will be given presently.

The immense importance of the French occupation of Rome deserves to be put in a clear light at the outset. I do not now discuss the wisdom or the justice of the original occupation or of its continuance. More than this, the French arms are innocent of all participation in this terrible chapter of history; and I am willing to believe that the French government is innocent of having even wished the success of the effort to unmake Italy. When the secrets of the diplomacy of the last three years shall be given up, it will be time to discuss the question; it cannot be treated understandingly on the known facts.

For whatever reason, justly or unjustly, wisely or unwisely, honestly or with ulterior designs, the French are in Rome, and that is the simple and only reason why Victor Emanuel is not there, why Francis II. *is* there, and why political brigandage exists in South Italy.

The Papal states have a long boundary line on the old kingdom of Naples. Unfortunately this frontier runs through a region of country for the most part adapted to brigandage, and inhabited by a population convenient for fomenting it.

This line is the base of the whole brigandage system. Rome is the great depot for the collection of arms, recruits, and leaders. The brigand, pursued, has only to cross the frontier, he is safe. The French arms resist the passage of Italian troops, the Papal government holds no relations with the kingdom of Italy. This is the situation. No multiplying of terms can make it simpler or clearer.

It is not probable that any policy on the part of Italy, could have prevented this combination of the clerical and Bourbon parties. Their position and interest dictated the alliance, which has been so unfortunate for Italy.

Those who complain that this measure or that offended the priesthood, or alienated conservatives and regionists, look at the subject from too restricted a horizon. The union of these two forces was inevitable; the French occupation of Rome made that union, despite the weakness of the assailants, a safe method. They could wound without being wounded, assail under cover, disorder, discourage, exhaust the patience of Italy.

Hence the wicked, desperate, and bloody men who had been obliged to fly from Naples, collected at Rome and, by sure and certain means of information, the same element within the kingdom was brought into the alliance. In comparison with the army of Italy in the south, this force was insignificant. Bands of three hundred to four hundred men at most, strolled over the country, burned, sacked, murdered, ravished, filled the land with violence and mourning; and, when found and pursued, fled to the Papal frontier. For three years this has gone on without disturbing the solidity of the kingdom. Fifty times it has been crushed, and then reinforced from Rome. What does Francis II. hope? He hopes for help from without. Patient continuance in this work of disorder will furnish the excuse under which, from motives of interest, England may repeat the work of 1799, France that of 1849, and Austria as much as possible of her whole history in Italy. Italy is to be made again a football for London, Paris, or Vienna—a battle ground, perhaps, for deciding questions that do not concern her. This cannot be believed; but

both Francis II. and the Papal government expect it, and continue their annoying raids upon the kingdom.

After the fall of Gaeta, Francis II. went to Rome and began business. At first we were informed that the brigandage was a holy war of a dissatisfied people, who wanted their king again; and, in general, the reactionist press of Europe adheres to that theory. When any particularly shameful deed has been done, we have been informed that Francis II., living quietly at Rome, did not concern himself with the sorrows of his people. At the same time, we are assured that the true brigands are the people of Italy, or, as it is phrased, "the Piedmontese."

The feebleness of the bands and the character of their leaders, disposes of the first assertion. A generous movement of an oppressed people would count more and better men. Where is the generous, highborn blood of South Italy, which would naturally be found serving an aristocratic king? It is in the service of Victor Emanuel. Some of it in the army has fallen under the arms of that rabble, which has a thirst of honest men's

blood. One of the brutal leaders of this army of patriotism issued a proclamation early in the history of these sanguinary scenes, saying, "King Francis has given me orders to finish at once with these galantuomini."*

To the second theory, facts are the best answer. The complicity of Francis is complete. But if he really did not wish to mingle in and direct these plots, there was an easy method of escaping the responsibility of it. His presence at Rome has been fairly put by Italy as a cause of brigandage. His leaving Rome would have taken away his reproach. He has remained and accepted it.

The presence of Francis in Rome is an occasion of unrest and uncertainty in the South. The reactionists are continually saying, "Francis will return." The history of 1799 and 1815 is quoted. "The French," it is said, "had as stable a hold in Naples as the Piedmontese, and yet Ferdinand returned. Francis will return." His presence at Rome is taken and understood, on both sides,

* In the language of the Neapolitan people galantuomo means any man who wears a coat.

as a pledge and proof that he is labouring to return.

This belief in the return of Francis is strengthened by idle rumours, continually repeated, that he is actually about to cross the frontier; that Austria is marching into Piedmont; that the French Emperor has sent comforting messages to the dethroned monarch, and will presently turn his arms against Italy. At one time Francis is represented as crossing the frontier with a victorious army; at another, Austria is pouring her legions down upon Italy to restore the old order. As often as one of these stories is refuted by events or by time, a new one is set on its travels to make the tour of the kingdom. The fact that Francis is at Rome, the guest of the Pope, under the protection of the banner of France, gives currency to rumours that would not otherwise receive a passing thought. The fruits of this continued apprehension or hope of the return of the exiled sovereign, are fear in the minds of the well-disposed, boldness in the vicious and vagabond who swell the ranks of brigandage.

The apprehensions of these populations, accustomed to the reign of force and fear, lead them to pay ransoms too readily, to give provisions and information at the demand of the brigands, and to conceal from the authorities the information they possess. Brigandage, thus reposing on a fear and a delusion, acquires a moral support in the minds of awe-struck people, who tremble at the bare thought of a Bourbon returning to punish his enemies and all who have countenanced them. Those who hope for that return are an insignificant faction, made up, for the most part, of dissolute and violent wretches who find their account in disorder. The landed proprietors share the unrest of the masses, and do not set about those improvements which would absorb the wasted labour and cheer the despondent hearts of the toiling classes languishing for want of regular and certain employment.

The point of departure for this apprehension is the presence of Francis II. at Rome. Now that it is incontestibly established that brigandage flows out of the Pontifical States; now that every child in South Italy knows that these

hordes of villains march, plunder, burn and ravish, in the name of the ex-sovereign; it is difficult for people not versed in reasons of state to see why the Pope and the Emperor are not to be reckoned allies of the Bourbons. This alliance would unquestionably be stronger than Italy, and the very presence of the ex-king at Rome suggests it. And there is a moral alliance. No subterfuges of diplomacy can disguise the fact that French bayonets, which are in Rome for the avowed purpose of preventing disorder, permit it to be spread from the Pontifical States over the territory of a nation with which France is at peace. It is not sufficient to reply that the occupation of Rome is anomalous of necessity, since it looks to the protection of the Head of the Catholic Church, and cannot presume, in affording him protection, to strip him of authority and reduce him to the condition of a servant in his own dominions. This method of reasoning only shows that the anomaly ought to cease. A power which possesses eminent domain only through the physical support of another power has ceased to exist. The temporal power of the

Pope is a fiction. The government of Pius IX. cannot protect a rood of the Pontifical territory from his own subjects, much less from any foreign power. Yet it is permitted to misgovern, to make war without receiving it in return; while the nation which perpetuates this fiction of sovereignty is powerless to restrain the iniquity which it shelters.

The complicity of Francis with brigandage is shown by a variety of facts. I have space only to condense a few of them.

The conspiracy has been conducted in his name. If the work were not his, he should have plainly repudiated it before Europe by acts as well as words. On the contrary, he is notoriously in intimate relations with the heads of committees at Rome. The brigands are sworn to bear allegiance to him; false money has been coined in his name;* property is taken and paid for with promises of payment when the Bourbon is restored. These formalities are not always observed; for so much hypocrisy is not always possible to the transparent rogues who lead these

* Massari Report, p. 49.

bands of plunderers. The object is to invest the movement with a warlike character, to give it the proportions of a royal army fighting its king back to his own. For this same purpose these escaped convicts, jail-birds, and pickpockets who lead the bands, are called generals in the Bourbon army, and decorated with the stars of orders supposed once to have been honourable.

These titles and subterfuges, while they do not invest robbers and murderers who have never fought a battle with an honourable character, bring the sin and shame of the disorders afflicting South Italy home to the doors of the Farnese palace.

The report of Castagnola to the Italian parliament, contains a mass of facts proving conclusively the complicity of Francis II. and the Papal government in brigandage. With the patience of a lawyer, this able advocate elaborates the significance of his facts. For the purposes of this book no such toilsome process of reasoning is necessary.

The arguments may be summed up thus:

1. The bands are enrolled in Rome by persons connected with the ex-king.

2. No opposition is made by the government of Pius IX. to these enrollments.

3. On the contrary, the bands have frequently been escorted to the frontier by the Pontifical *gens-d'armes*, and, in some instances, supported by the Papal troops in assaults on small bodies of Italian troops.

4. Crossing the frontier, the bands march to the cry, "Viva Francis II. and Pius IX."

5. When captured, they claim to be soldiers of the *Santa Fede*, and wear the decorations and uniforms of the Bourbon.

6. The confessions, captured correspondence, discovered plots and reactionary journals, all harmonize in affirming or admitting that brigandage is the plan adopted by Francis II. with the consent of the Papal government, in order to break down Italy in the South.

Now let us look at a few of the facts. Saint-Jorioz says:—

"The bands are publicly enrolled in Rome by the druggist Vagnozzi in Campo dé Fiori, and by

a certain Picarrilli, ex-sergeant in the ex-Bourbon army, and captain in the band of Chiavone, and also by the priests Ricci and Gonella. These brigands, united into bands, are afterwards distributed to different secondary chiefs, who pay, clothe and march them to the frontier.

"At Rome, Terracina, Ceprano, Frosinone and Velletri, a business is made of equipping, lodging, paying, and sending to the mountains, as many brigands as possible, with the hope of devastating our frontier, rendering us hateful to the people, exhausting our resources, and creating for us a mass of difficulties and obstacles. This is their dream, to drive us shamefully from these provinces.

"At Velletri a railroad officer and his wife, clothed with the brigand — Bourbon — clerical costume, publicly enrolled bands in the piazza, and despatched them to fight for the 'sacred keys,' and to restore that government which an English statesman has styled '*the negation of God.*'"*

On the 30th of May, 1862, a Pontifical officer named Fontini, stationed at Torre tre Ponti, for-

* "Brigantaggio," p. 249.

warded a detachment of brigands to the frontier. He afterwards wrote the following letter to his superior, which was captured. The original was sent to the French general at Rome, but an authenticated copy is on file in the military archives at Gaeta:—

ILLUSTRIOUS SIGNOR CAPTAIN,

I inform you with the present that, yesterday evening, the undernamed officers of *Sicilian troops,* who are on their way to join the *Spanish column* in the mountains of Ceccana, presented themselves at this station. I have, therefore, thought it proper to keep them to-day until a guide can be found to accompany them to their destination (here follow the names). I have been especially moved to this course by the desire to save these persons from the French column, which is in this vicinity.

S. FONTINI,

Commandant of the detachment.

TORRE TRE PONTI, *May* 31, 1862.

This is conclusive proof of the agency of the

Pontifical government in aiding the bands to reach the frontier.

The alliance of the Church with the miscreants who ravage South Italy, is apparent, notorious; and volumes of facts might be collected to prove it.

On the 23rd of February, 1863, in Gesualdo, the brigand Pasquale Forgione was tried by a commission. This is part of the *interogatorio*, or examination by the judge:—

Judge. With these convictions, why did not you and your companions give yourselves up, being convinced, as you confess, that, being hated by all the population, your lives were every hour in peril?

Forgione. We were fighting for the faith.

Judge. What do you mean by "the faith"?

Forgione. The holy faith of our religion.

Judge. But does not our religion execrate thefts, barbarities, and all the impious and horrid crimes which brigandage commits every day—which you and your companions have committed?

Forgione. We were fighting for the faith *and we were blessed by the Pope.* If I had not lost a

paper which came from Rome, I could convince you that we fought for the faith.

Judge. What was this paper?

Forgione. It was a printed paper which came from Rome.

Judge. What did this printed paper contain?

Forgione. It said that the true brigands were the Piedmontese, who have stolen the kingdom of Francis II., and that they were excommunicated and we blessed by the Pope.

Judge. In whose name was that paper printed?

Forgione. The paper was a patent in the name of Francis II.

The judge remonstrated with the prisoner on the improbability of his story. He replied,

"Your carbineers have come to shoot me, and I know that I am about to die. But I assure you that I had such a paper, and that all I have said is the truth. I shall repeat these things to my confessor."

On the 5th of January, 1863, the band led by Pasquale Romano was destroyed by the light horse cavalry of Saluzzo, aided by the national guard of Gioia. On the body of the chief was

found the oath taken by the band on their enrollment. Here are some paragraphs of it, which reveal the origin and animus of the current political brigandage :—

"In accordance with superior orders, we all swear this oath of fidelity with the following conditions.

"We promise and swear always to defend with our blood God, the supreme Pontiff, Pius IX., Francis II., King of the Two Sicilies, and the commander of our column. So may God aid and assist us always to fight against the rebels against the holy Church.

"We promise and swear also to defend the standard of our King Francis II. to the last drop of our blood, and to compel a scrupulous respect and obedience to the same in all those communes which have been suborned by the liberal party."

Another formula of oath, which is substantially the same, has this passage :—

"We promise and swear to shed our blood to crush that infernal Lucifer, Victor Emanuel."

This Pasquale Romano had been deceived into the belief that the cause of Francis II. was on

the eve of success. He had penned, during his career as a brigand, some notes entitled, "My Misfortunes."

Here is a specimen :—

"After a year of forest solitude, one day thirteen highwaymen presented themselves to me, indifferently armed, saying that they were defenders of Francis II. and *the holy faith*. I, desirous of aiding in that work to which I had long been favourably disposed, received the said men, and gave myself zealously to the duties of my office. They accepted me as their chief, and were bound to obey me under those orders which were issued for the good of our King. But since in them there existed only the desire of robbery, they began to be dissatisfied with me, and to say among themselves—

"'*We come into the campagna where we are called robbers, and we must rob.* If our chief does not do as we say, he will be put out of the way or be left alone.' Besides, they committed robberies without my knowledge, instead of obeying my military orders."

I shall have occasion to speak of the Spaniard

Borjès, one of the foreigners of the reactionary party, decoyed into this dirty business under the delusion that it was a war for a legitimate king and for holy mother Church. His diary, found upon him when he was captured, furnishes conclusive proof that the bands were directed from Rome, and by the ex-monarch of the Two Sicilies.

Here is a specimen :—

"*Nov. 9th*, 1861.—At seven in the morning we arrived at Alliano, where the population received us with a priest and cross at their head, to the cry of 'Viva Francis II.' Notwithstanding this reception, the greatest disorder reigns during the night [that is, the robbers under Borjès were sacking the city, while he was writing in his journal]. It would be matter for surprise [the sack], if the chief of this band [Crocco] and his satellites were not the greatest robbers I have ever known."*

On the 30th of January, 1863, the Marquis Avitabile, of Naples, while hunting in the vicinity of Torre del Greco, was captured by the

* See vol. ii. chap. iv. §

band of Pilone. He was conducted upon the slopes of Vesuvius and presented to the chief, who ordered him to write to his friends that he must pay a ransom of twenty thousand ducats.

This was one of the boldest feats of brigandage. From the character of the captive and the proximity of the place of capture to Naples, it excited a great rumour in Italy. After his liberation, the Marquis exposed some very important facts developed in his conversation with Pilone.

The chief spoke of himself as an officer of the Bourbon army and wore its uniform; he claimed that he had permission from Francis II. to make captures and levy ransoms, "*when other means were wanting to maintain his band.*" As a specimen of the lying reports by which the rank and file of these bands are deceived, it may be added that Pilone told the Marquis such follies as these. "Austria had sent word to Victor Emanuel that he must evacuate Turin in the spring; Francis II. would enter his own Naples at the same time; there were not more

than thirty thousand Piedmontese in the kingdom; their throats would all be cut by the people and the troops (brigands) of the king."

That the Papal government makes common cause with Francis II., ought to be held proved by the co-operation of the Papal officers with the brigands.

Here are two letters which I take from Massari's Report. They were addressed by a sergeant-major of the Papal *gens-d'armes* to Chiavone:—

(*Official*)

"VALLICORSO, *Sept.* 5, 1861.

EXCELLENCY,

I have been honoured beyond my merits in the receipt of your despatch of yesterday, by the hands of your two couriers. The said couriers have told me all that you desired to be communicated. On my part, I assure you, General, that I will do everything, even at the risk of my life, in order to satisfy your wishes; and I beg you to rest satisfied that all will be managed with the greatest tranquillity and secrecy.

With the assurance of my high esteem and profound respect, I subscribe myself,

Of your Excellency, etc.,

GAETANO BOLOGNESI,

Sergeant-Major commanding the Station.

To his Excellency the General-in-Chief,

Chiavone.

This is written, signed, and sealed as an official letter to the leader of a band of brigands, pompously styled a General-in-chief.

The second letter was written by the same person to Gallozzi, a humble brigand, with only impudence enough to style himself a lieutenant.

The dates, address, and signature are all as in the former letter, and the whole is decorated with the Pontifical arms:—

EXCELLENT SIGNOR LIEUTENANT,

I have to advise you that I have been honoured at this moment by a despatch from his Excellency General-in-Chief Chiavone, commanding all the royal Neapolitan troops, which requires me to assist in every way to pass safely

through my jurisdiction all the soldiers and munitions as they shall arrive.

I beg you, my Lieutenant, to inform the general that I shall do all in my power, even at the risk of my life, to satisfy his wishes expressed in the said despatch.

I further inform you, my dear Lieutenant, that your family are in perfect health, and that I go to your house almost every day to exhort your wife to live in perfect tranquillity, while we finish with the iniquitous men who have gone to such lengths as even to threaten to take away the rights of our holy mother Church.

I beg you, my Lieutenant, to inform his Majesty, through General Chiavone, of the zeal and fidelity which I have displayed, in providing for his troops, in the most critical circumstances. But now our day dawns.

Etc., etc.

It will be seen that the sergeant-major had his little axe to grind, and hoped to attract the attention of "his Majesty."

CHAPTER II.

POLITICO-RELIGIOUS CAUSES.

How public opinion is neutralized in Europe—The wolves and the lambs—The great party of reaction—Its hostility to the age—The age divided by radicalism and conservatism—Radicalism insane—Conservatism fearful and unbelieving—Italy the battle-ground between the age and reaction—Reaction beaten by a *coup de main* in 1859—Reaction misrepresents the character of brigandage—Decoyed Borjès and Trazègnies into the ranks of brigandage—Francis II. prefers foreigners—The reactionary priest in South Italy—Power of the priests—The good priests and their heroism—Abuse of power by bad priests—Power of the confessional—Excessive number of the priests—Portraits taken from Saint-Jorioz—"Our brothers the brigands"—Religious superstition of the brigands—The brigand's mass—Piccioni and his museum—Partial description of two articles in his collection—Are we not yet in the middle ages?

WHY are these shameful things done in our day? Where is the power of public opinion? the spirit of the age? the Christian sentiment of modern Europe? In fine, where is the nineteenth century?

This brief chapter will contain a short answer to these questions.

The public opinion of lambs never yet prevented the wolves from eating them. In Europe the small nationalities are the lambs, the great empires are the wolves. The political problem of some centuries standing is how to distribute the lambs among the banqueting wolves. Italy has been served up, limb by limb, from century to century, now to one, now to another, of these greedy political monsters. "Ah! but all that is done with. Italy has been reunited, the dismembered limbs are joining together, the vision of the valley of Ezekiel is realized as, breathed upon by the breath of liberty, each bone comes to his fellow-bone."

There is a great truth in this statement; but be sure, the wolves have not lost their appetite for lambs, and will *never entertain the opinion that it is immoral to eat them.* While I write, a great conference is adjourning without result, because the wisdom of political Europe has not been able to devise any way to keep the pet of the flock out of the jaws of two overgrown monsters, who

will presently be craunching the bones of the little one, and growling over the meal in mutual envy. Why did the conference fail? There were too many wolves at the council board. To leave all figure. Public opinion, as it finds political expression in European politics, is not moral, it is fatally immoral.

The spirit of the age, our Christian sentiment, and the nineteenth century, are great facts; but thousands of cannon, and millions of bayonets are arrayed to keep the peace between God and the devil. In other words, the moral power of nations in Europe is by various artifices neutralized, or rather kept standing with arms akimbo to enforce neutrality.

If we look into European society, we shall find a force which is too often disregarded in estimates of European politics. This force is REACTION. The strength of this retrograde movement is seldom reckoned at its full value. It is a powerful, united, compact protest against THE AGE, which it calls an age of demagogism and revolution, of scepticism and heresy. Its numerical strength is always a minority, but there is no political system

in Europe in which the arithmetic of souls is used for computing the highest power. Wealth, birth, station, privileged orders constitute elements which not only outweigh mere numbers, but continue to neutralize intelligence and morality. A great part of the priesthood of the Romish church, and a portion of the Anglican as well, constitute a solid, almost mechanical mass, moved by impulses so common to its whole body that it seems animated by a single will. Outside of this hard nucleus, which remains always reactionary, there is a large mass of men whose interests, prejudices, or fears call them, now to one side now to another. They are the men of *peace at any price*, short-sighted, unreasoning, indifferent to principles or men, to honour or dishonour, to the best good of populations or the permanent interests of society.

In this contest reaction has always a solid centre which never quarrels within itself; while the age is always divided into at least two sections, radicalism and conservatism, whose honest and, in normal times, healthful differences, tend to strengthen the opposition while they weaken the front of progress. Radicalism has an element

maddened by ages of misrule, rendered lawless by mal-administration of law, impatient under restraints and constitutional methods, which seem to it only another route by which reaction marches to triumph. On the other hand, conservatism has a section which distrusts and fears the people. It regards populations as brutal masses whose delights are Sicilian vespers, San Domingoes, and Paris emeutes. These men fear that modern society really contains the elements of its own destruction, that the people will become atheist and savage without state religions, a turbulent mob without the concentration of power in the wealthy and learned few. They cannot rid themselves of the apprehension that disorganization and anarchy will be the inevitable result of the tendencies of the time towards governments founded upon freedom, and religion founded upon personal conviction and conscience.

Reaction is insatiable, but the age has not comprehended it. It will make compromises to regain power, but it will never abide them. Its nucleus is in the Roman hierarchy which regards the age as blasphemous and atheistic, which pro-

tests with the whole force of its mighty organization against the the theory and the practice that take the tutelage of human intellects and human welfare out from under its control. Schools not conducted by the priests are hotbeds of infidelity; governments not blessed by the Pope subsist by sufferance; kings, cursed by the head of the church, are a visible antichrist. No human government can content its boundless ambition.* By the logic of a single dogma, it becomes God upon earth, and all authority is vested in its triple crown. To this assumption the age opposes, in matters of religion, the supremacy of the INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCE; in matters of government, the weal and wishes of the people; in matters of justice, truth and impartial equity. The two powers must yet fight some fierce battles. It is no time to sing pæans and shout vivas when reaction arms vice to ravish maidens and burn men alive in South Italy, kidnaps Jewish children, sends comforting words to the slave rebellion in America† and authoritatively announces to

* The Government of Naples and that of Rome were almost always in open discord.

† Letter of Pius IX. to Jefferson Davis.

Europe that, in its reconstruction, the rights of the Church must be respected.* We are in the midst of this battle between the Age and Reaction.

Italy, unfortunately, represents the conflict of these opposing forces. There is a certain rashness in radicalism. This gives a specious colouring to the pictures by which reaction strengthens the fears of conservatism and paralyzes the action of the nation. On the other hand, reaction is compactly one in its views and movements. It annihilates the age with one dogma, and justifies all methods which may help it to come to its own again by another. The letter of the Pope to Napoleon III., on the subject of a congress, is based upon the first; the declaration of a priest in a Neapolitan church in 1862, "Our brothers, the brigands, have gained important victories," announces the second.

This European reaction steadily opposed the successive steps by which Piedmont has advanced to constitutional liberty, and to the dominion of the Italian peninsula under a government of equal

* Reply of Pius IX. to the Emperor's appeal for a European congress.

laws—a government which instructs the child of the peasant, converts the lazzaroni into citizens, and makes the southernmost ridges of the Appennines echo the whistle of the railway train.

Austria was only prevented from crushing Piedmont with not merely her own overwhelming force, but also with that of the retrogressive party of all Europe, by French interference. The Emperor of the French liberated Piedmont, gave her Lombardy, and initiated the movements which united the Peninsula, by a *coup de main*, which will never cease to be one of the most wonderful pieces of political, as well as military, strategy. After its defeat the reaction mustered strong on the continent and even in England. The Emperor withdrew from honourable and victorious fields, with the greenest laurels that ever decked the head of a Napoleon. We cannot fully understand the motives of that retirement, with the work of restoring Italy to herself only half completed; but we may doubt whether Napoleon could have faced the reaction of Europe without danger of meeting it at a Waterloo.

The subsequent revolution of Naples, the dethronement of the Bourbons, the open declaration of Italy that she regarded Rome as the capital of her new nation, attracted to the Pontifical States and the territory of the late kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the solicitude of the entire body of reaction in Europe. Since then two leading objects have been kept in view by this powerful opposition. To preserve the temporal power, and to keep the late kingdom of Naples in disorder—to force the new government into unpopular measures of rigour, and thus to breed discontent and counter-revolution within, while it held up this state of things to the horror of Europe. To this programme it has devoted unwonted energy, and has not entirely failed of success. This disorder unhappily had, as I have shown, roots deep in the society which Bourbonism left behind, and it did not delay to assume proportions that forced the Italian government to deal with it, less rigorously than it deserved—less rigorously than the French in 1810—but with enough rigour to furnish a text for the homilies of reaction in the London and Paris press and

parliaments. Reaction has constantly sought to disguise the true nature of brigandage; and, until very recently, it has in a great degree succeeded. It has been reiterated, over and over again, by its journals, that the *Piedmontese* are the true brigands, and that the war waged in South Italy is the protest of the people against a foreign yoke. That is to say, a kingdom established upon a popular vote of nearly two millions, is an aggression on the rights of those who voted for it. It is not long since a journal published in Paris, styled one of these brigand leaders, "the hardy partisan of the royalist column."* It is difficult to repress a regret that the writer could not have encountered this column with a thousand francs in his purse. He would have learned that the royalist column is utterly impartial in levying contributions for *la Santa Fede*.

The reactionary party have decoyed into brigandage the only respectable leaders that have ever graced its morally and literally ragged battalions. The Spaniard Borjès, the Belgian Trazègnies, and the Austrian Zimmermann, were

* Borjès.

deceived and betrayed by the reactionary party into these miserable fraternities of crime.

I have before me a plan of reaction, devised at Rome in 1861, but never carried into effect. In this plan, five bands are provided for, four of which would have been commanded by foreigners —one by a Frenchman, one by a Bavarian, the third by a Spaniard, and the fourth by a Prussian. The fifth only was assigned to a Neapolitan. For this strange neglect of his own people in distributing the offices, Francis II. has good and sufficient reasons.

In the first place, those officers of his ex-army who sympathize with him know the nature of the service, and have an affection for their lives. No commissioned officer of that army with a clean escutcheon has put foot over the frontier. In the second place, Francis II. has no confidence in the Neapolitan people. He knows full well that they do not love him nor his house, and he is in perpetual fear of being betrayed. In fact, some committees have eaten up his money without arming a brigand, and some of his supposed friends have made most damaging disclosures. From

several sources we learn that he prefers in all cases the enlistment of foreigners.

In an intercepted correspondence, one of his satellites, who claims to have had personal interviews with him, says—

"The padrone (king) thinks that a majority of the boys should be French, with some Neapolitans. On this account, I shall have to make a journey into France to collect the boys."

Neapolitan peasants do well enough for rank and file in plundering excursions, but they cannot be trusted to attempt anything like a regular war. A drove of officers, half of whom are foreign adventurers, frequently leaves Rome to collect bands of peasants, and ravage the country for a few days. As soon as it becomes necessary to measure swords with the brave Italian troops, these heroes of house-burnings disband their *canaille* and return to Rome, boasting of victories never won, and filling their pockets from the exchequer of the deluded ex-monarch.

The reactionary priest is a plant which grows in South Italy, side by side with the plant brigand. There are good priests and there are

bad priests in these provinces. I leave the Italians to settle the proportions. A considerable portion of them have acquitted themselves loyally towards the government; many have enthusiastically supported its claims. Nor must it be forgotten that some of their names are in the long martyr-roll which brigandage has written in the blood of the sons of Italy. These priests are the more worthy of praise, that it has required no ordinary moral courage in them to cut themselves off from all hope of rising in the ecclesiastical ranks so long as this party of reaction holds the reins of authority. They have known that, for speaking and writing in behalf of Italy, not only were their names stricken from the rolls of church preferment, but that the fountain-head of the Church could henceforth send them only the bitter waters of cursing and excommunication. They have not ceased to love the Church, but they have loved God and the nation more. All praise to the conscientious and courageous loyalty of this portion of the priesthood in South Italy.

Some bishops in the Calabrias have exhorted their flocks to abstain from murder, and have

united zealously with the local authorities in plans to dry up the sources of the evil. Others have taken the field against bands that have plundered their parishes.

It is related of one of this last class that he shouldered his gun, and led the attack against a band, nearly all of whom belonged to his own village. The brigands took to their heels; the priest pursued, firing as he ran. He was a good shot, and seldom missed his man. As he came up with the wounded, he halted to ascertain if they were dying. In this case he received their confessions, and generously absolved the sinners whom he had sent to Paradise with cold lead.

This is the bright side of the picture. On the other side, the exhortations, solicitations and advice of the priests, who, in the region where these disorders prevail, are, with few exceptions, devoted to the work of reaction, is one of the most powerful active causes of brigandage. The priest is the first friend and the object of reverence for these ignorant people. He is intimately acquainted with all the plans and wishes of his parishioners; he is consulted on every question,

made the arbiter of every dispute, and becomes of consequence responsible, in a certain sense, for the deeds of his parishioners.

Nobody in Italy doubts that, if Pope and priest had interdicted brigandage as they have banned free principles, the ravages along the Papal frontier for the last three years would never have been committed.

The fanatical superstition of the peasants is such that if they are assured, under the seal of the confessional, that deeds of rapine and blood are a necessary means of maintaining religion—that a fierce war upon the robber, Victor Emanuel is grateful to the Holy Father, and an acceptable service to heaven,—there is no length to which they will not go in obedience to what they regard as the command of God. Nor can you spy out these secrets of the confessional. The priest may violate these confidences, use them to terrify the poor believer, hanging them over his head to coerce him to infamous compliance with the will of others; but the peasant will not break this solemn seal, no, not if you tear him limb from limb.

In this way an occult force works upon the

minds of the degraded masses. The priest, safe in his secrecy, smiles upon the brigand of yesterday, encourages him of to-morrow, reports to all fables of foreign armies coming to restore the true king, of great disasters to the Piedmontese army, of the blessings which Francis proposes to bestow upon the faithful, and the punishments reserved by him for the lukewarm or the liberal. In one way or another, he contrives to create complete distrust of the objects and tendencies of the government, of its power and permanence, and above all, of its being lawful before the Virgin and the Holy Father to lend it a loyal support. Thus he paralyzes one part of the community, and pushes the other into wanton crime against society.

The excessive number of the priests in these provinces makes their influence for evil more fatal. They have abundant leisure and means for shameful social and political intrigues, which contribute to lower the standard of public morality.

"One of the stubborn maladies of this region (Tractto) is the superabundance of priests, who infest the churches, the houses, the councils, the

palace and the hut; it being in their nature to thrust themselves into everything, to handle everything, to pry into everything, to infect everything with their breath and their busybodying.

"Traetto* alone has more than forty priests who are apt to all sorts of trades; some are contractors for roads and buildings, some are dealers in fish, others are pettifoggers, attorneys, leasemongers and usurers, while some are procurers or pimps. Of this latter category some have illegitimate offspring, whereof they make no secret, parading them about with peculiar ostentation and cynicism. A part are notoriously engaged in shameless intrigues, and some are schoolmasters, though exceedingly ignorant and outrageously wicked. In Spigno there are six priests, six in Castelforte, four in San Cosmo, who, with the exception of the accomplished and honest Orgera of Spigno—learned philosopher and theologian, truly and sincerely liberal—are altogether a mixture of ignorance, obstinacy, simony, recklessness, cunning and cheating."†

* Traetto had, in 1862, 7092 inhabitants.

† Saint-Jorioz, "Brigantaggio," p. 102.

No Protestant would dare to say so much as this; and yet I am satisfied, from the testimony of several persons who, like Saint-Jorioz, have lived in the centres where brigandage flourishes, that it is a true picture.

The city of Andria has about twenty thousand inhabitants, among whom there are *three hundred priests and friars*. In August, 1862, a printed appeal in favour of brigandage was circulated through the city, which contained this declaration:—

"The brigands are blessed by the Pope. Whenever they fight they attack their enemies in the name of God, and they must conquer. Let us, then, form a deputation to go out to meet them with the white banner, and there will be peace."

The reader will not be surprised to learn that the priests, in some instances, go farther than those of Tractto. Speaking of Civitella Roveta, another nest of brigands, Saint-Jorioz says:—

"The parish priest of the principal church is a furious and impudent reactionary and Bour-

bonist. His house is a conventicle of friars, priests and brigands, capable of everything.

"The notorious friar Bonaventura, preacher of the convent of Balsorano, is one of the most devoted, indefatigable, and dangerous agents of reaction. He has talent and cunning, is courageous and enterprising; he is capable of preaching a beautiful sermon or of giving a stab with coolness and dexterity; nor is there any inconvenience or peril he would shun in the service of his masters. This friar is the companion and friend of the arch-priest of Civitella Roveta. No one can imagine how the union of these two forces, of these two iron and acute wills, damages the future of our government in that locality. The priest Marcucci of Cellole kept in his employ and pay a company of rogues through whom he stopped carriages, robbed travellers and assassinated rich proprietors. He hired out his villains to glut political and private animosities, unleashing his dogs whenever there was money to be made or blood to be shed.

"Don Rocco de Angelis of Monte Sabbinese, chaplain of the famous Abbé Rocchetti of Cervara

(an old colonel in the brigand ranks), preached with vehemence the crusade against the constitutional government and its adherents, took part in reactions and deeds of blood, was the agent and promoter of brigandage, and was finally arrested, in 1862, in Carsoli, where he was concealed, and engaged in hatching new conspiracies.

"The priest Dolce is the most finished rascal who has ever worn a cassock; he is immodest and licentious, given to simony and extortion. He has no faith either in God or the devil, curses Christ, and makes free with sacred things. Abandoned to all rascalities and vices, he is the scandal and horror of Isoletta. He sells, buys and makes market of everything. To the vice of gambling, which he pursues to madness, he adds those of wine and women. Finally, to complete this beautiful portrait, I will give one last touch of the pencil. In Isoletta, it is a thing known, undoubted, proved beyond cavil, that Dolce lived criminally, at the same time and in the same bed, with his sister and his servant. *Horresco referens!!!*

"Don Biagio de Nitto, parish priest of Tremenzuoli, is worthy of the company of Dolce, though in some degree superior in energy, cynicism and dissoluteness. His cure of souls was an uninterrupted career of violence, usurpation, theft, rape, obscenity and turpitude which beggar description, or even imagination. Having become enamoured of a female parishioner, who reciprocated his attachment and gratified his insane appetites, he became jealous of her husband and, not being able to support the idea of co-partnership in his sensual pleasures, barbarously pounded him to death with a club in the presbytery of the church.

"This last crime roused the indignation of the people of Tremenzuoli. He had to flee by night, in disguise, in order to escape death at the hands of his exasperated parishioners.

"De Nitto has been guilty of two singular pieces of impudence, so incredible and audacious, that only a priest could have been capable of them. He exhibited himself in Tremenzuoli, the theatre of his sins, shames and crimes; but only for a short time, since the indignation of

these villagers was so much excited by this disgusting bravado, that they prepared to lay violent hands upon him, and would have finished his crimes if the troops had not arrived in time to quell the tumult, and to save him from the vengeance of his parishioners.

"His second act of impudence is still more strange and improbable, and many might accuse me of falsehood if I had not for authority General Govone himself, who had in his hands the petition of the priest De Nitto to King Victor Emanuel (at the time of his visit to Gaeta), in which he asked nothing less than the cross of a cavalier in the order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, on the ground that he had been persecuted by the Bourbon troops and an innocent victim of the Bourbon party, because he was a liberal."*

The following passage from the Massari Report is an admirable summary of the argument on this branch of the subject:—

"It has been repeated to us, in all the communes which we have visited, that incitements

* Saint-Jorioz, p. 201.

and encouragements to brigandage issue from the confessional. The judicial proofs of this assertion have not been, nor can they be, produced; but this does not lessen the force of the moral conviction, which is profound and universal. It is certain that a single word uttered from the tribunal of penitence, addressed to the wives and relatives of the brigands, would have immediate and salutary effect. Is it unfair to reason from the absence of the effect the absence of the cause? If that word had been spoken, would not the less-hardened brigands have changed their course? At the least, would not the number of the brigands have been lessened?

The pulpit has commonly been silent; but when it has dared to face the penalties of human law it has spoken for the cause of brigandage, has studied to sanctify it, has attempted the sacrilegious work of raising the highwayman, stained with infamy and blood, to the rank of a martyr. Last December (1862), from the pulpit of one of the most crowded churches of Naples, a preacher said, '*Our brothers the brigands,* in various pro-

vinces of Italy, are victorious, and will continue to be, since they fight against a usurping King. The Madonna must perforce show us the miracle of expelling these usurpers from the kingdom.'

"Another, preaching in the same city during the novena of the immaculate conception, thus apostrophized the Virgin :—'Virgin Immaculate, I shall no longer believe you virgin, if you do not soon restore to us our adored sovereigns, Francis and Maria Sophia.'

"When the pulpit is silent, its silence is a reproach. On former occasions, the clergy were wont, in seasons of public affliction to beseech Heaven with solemn prayers to take away the scourge; but this has not been done in this calamity."*

Romano, chief of a brigand band near Gioja, was accustomed to have the mass celebrated (paying for it) in the chapel of the Masseria dei Monaci, and this was called the mass of the brigands. The chaplain was always prompt to

* Massari Report, p. 65.

execute the commission, and he invoked divine benedictions upon the robbers, seeking to make Heaven an accomplice in their crimes. On the contrary, at Minervino, in the same province, when a corporal of the army was dying, a priest who was solicited to administer to him the comforts and sacraments of religion refused, because the hero had fought against the brigands.

At Viesti, circle of Gargano, a priest chanted *Domine salvum fac regem* before the Italian troops. The arch-priest, as a punishment, interdicted the church. On the other hand, a brigand rode into another church on horseback, and listened to the mass in that attitude, but no interdict was pronounced.

A brigand of Gargano, surnamed Principe Luigi, having succeeded in saving his life by flying from some lancers of Montebello, resolved to celebrate his success as a miracle wrought by the blessed virgin. He had a picture painted in which he was represented in conflict with the soldiers, and guarded from harm by the Madonna del Carmine. The picture was placed,

with religious solemnities, in the church of Monte Saint Angelo. The prefect of the Capitanata ordered both painter and priest to be arrested. The tribunal (be it said *par parenthese*) set both of them at liberty. The brigands are very superstitious. They wear under their garments amulets and scapularies in great abundance. On certain days, without ever ceasing from theft and murder, they perform their devotions and refrain from eating flesh.

"A prefect of the Capitanata said to us, 'The brigands are accustomed to every form of debauch and every infamy of crime, yet they pay the priest liberally for saying masses.' A colonel of our army, who passed several months in the Capitanata, narrates this custom, in which the priests participate: To make themselves invulnerable to wounds, and superior to danger, and to give them courage to fight desperately, the brigands, when about to undertake an enterprise, get a benediction at the hands of a priest, who gives them the sacred host, and, by means of an incision, places a piece of it under the skin at the base of the thumb. Some brigands, lately

fallen into the hands of justice, declared that they had received from priests sacred images, with instructions to put them in their mouths, and assurances that this would carry them safely through all their battles. Other brigands, taken near Zungoli, wore a Pontifical star upon their breasts. General Villarey said to us: 'The brigands all have religion after their fashion. In order to celebrate mass in the woods, they carry with them images of the Madonna and charms against the evil eye in the shape of horns.'"*

A singular brigand, named Piccioni, infested the mountains near Ascoli, in the autumn of 1860. He inflicted great damage upon all that region, and after a course of successful raids, suddenly disappeared. He was not heard of

* Massari Report, p. 67.

It is doubtful whether the Neapolitans have most faith in the sign of the cross or that of horns, made in all conceivable modes. It is found in the houses, over the doors, and in all places which superstition declares of ill-omen. If in conversation with a plebeian, or even a devout *bourgeois*, you say anything which he thinks of evil omen, he will immediately make this sign, by extending the fore and little fingers, with the intermediate ones closed.

until November, 1863, when he was captured on the way to Rome, under the escort of three friars belonging to a convent of Ascoli. Piccioni declared at his arrest, that he had spent the three years of his retirement from business in the mountains, flying from cave to cave to avoid arrest. However, he is a man seventy years of age, so corpulent that he can scarcely walk, and his excellent physical condition indicated a very different asylum. He had doubtless spent these three years in one of the convents of Ascoli.

The singular feature in this brigand is that he seems to have been actuated, almost exclusively, by religious superstition. He had been a shoemaker by trade, and owned a respectable landed property. A man able to buy a good coat with his own honestly-acquired money seldom becomes a brigand. The explanation of his career may be found in the baggage which he was transporting to the court of Pius IX. This contained neither purse nor scrip—less than twenty pauls were found in his pocket—but consisted of a collection of relics and images sufficiently large to

found a museum, there being no less than *sixty-four*.

One of these sacred objects is a picture of two monks holding a scroll containing certain capital letters of miraculous value, as appears from this statement, written underneath :—

"With this benediction the seraphic St. Francis blesses all who devoutly pray to him. This, carried about with you, will prove a marvellous preservative against the demons, temptations, witches, charms, pestilence, falling sickness, peril of death, snares of enemies, tempests, ghosts, phantoms, fire, pains of childbirth, sudden death, and infinite other evils."

Next comes a sheet of paper containing the exact measure of the feet of the Virgin Mary, with an inscription, comprised within the form of a foot, in the following words :—

"The exact measure of the feet of the Blessed Mother of God, preserved with great devotion in a monastery of Carmelite monks in Spain. Pope John XXII. conceded an indulgence of three hundred years to any one kissing this three

times, and reciting three Ave Marias; and this was confirmed by Pope Clement VIII., in the year of our redemption 1603. This indulgence prescribes no limit to the number of times it can be gained; so you can have as many indulgences as you like, if you are devoted to the Blessed Virgin. We can apply it to the souls in purgatory, and it is permitted, for the greater glory of the Queen of Heaven, to draw from this other copies by which the same indulgence can be gained.

"Maria, Mater gratiæ, ora pro nobis."

More wonderful still are the effects of the "Epistle of Pope Leo VIII., sent to Charlemagne, when he was fighting against the infidels," also found among the amulets of Piccioni.

This has the following virtues:—

"1. Any person carrying this about his body, reading and looking on it each day, will not die nor be harmed by his enemy, and all his affairs will prosper.

"2. If any woman is in trouble with her husband, and will keep this epistle over her

heart, he will turn to her again and love her as before.

"3. If any person is in the extremity of death, by having this epistle over his heart, he will not be won by the demons.

"4. Any person reading and carrying this epistle, and saying five Paters, Aves, and Glorias in honour of our Lord Jesus Christ, every day, will see great miracles; for we read particularly that the catholic King Ferdinand one day commanded a criminal to be beheaded in Madrid. The executioner not only did no harm to the man, but three swords were broken in the attempt to kill him, and this was because he carried upon him this admirable epistle."

The reader will perceive that it would be a formidable task to catalogue this brigand's religious museum. I have given only part of the description of two of its objects. The remaining sixty-two must be preserved from oblivion by somebody with more taste for these singular articles of *vertu*.

It is evident that Piccioni became a brigand from religious superstition, created and fostered

by his spiritual advisers, who had loaded him down with the trash in which some of them carry on a profitable trade in the last half of the nineteenth century!

Have we not mistaken our reckoning? Are we not yet in the middle ages?

CHAPTER III.

THE PARTISAN WAR OF 1860—61.

Civitella del Tronto—Reaction in the Abruzzi—General Pinelli—His rigorous measures—Partisan movements from the Papal States to relieve Gaeta—Scotti and Kleischt—How Scotti believed his own lying bulletins—His capture—Giorgi—The famous battle of Marsica—Giorgi's limping horse—The raid of Giorgi—Some of his retreats—A Bourbon banner—Anecdote—Taking the oath of allegiance—De Christen—The ex-Bourbon army—Contrast between this army and Cromwell's—The conscripts—Thorns, briars and brambles in the local bureaus—Thirty thousand false releases from service—The ex-convicts—Their disappointment—The Roman hierarchy does a work of supererogation—Robbing for the sacred keys—Some features from the portrait of Bishop Montieri—His wash-house—How he suppressed scandal—Bishop Montieri's logical powers—He invents Chiavone—The reaction of April, 1861—Leaders of the sacred army, Crocco, Nardi, Rotonda, Summa—Scenes at Venosa and Melfi—A letter of Crocco—The true heroine of San Chirico—Fidelity of the National Guards—A decree of Parliament, and a letter from a brigand's wife—Sorrows of the weeping Teresa.

THE war in the autumn of 1860 was a mixture of

partisan and brigand incursions from the Pontifical frontier and the fortified posts yet in the power of the Bourbons. Anxious to distinguish in this work the risings of the people and the operations of partisan troops, from robberies and assassinations perpetrated without colour of legality, I shall briefly sketch this singular war.

On the eastern side of the Abruzzi, Civitella del Tronto was still in the power of the Bourbon troops. Situated upon a mass of rocks almost inaccessible, a handful of defenders held it until after the fall of Gaeta. It was entirely useless for the defence of the kingdom, since the country was open on each side of it; but it has the historic importance of having repulsed the Duke of Guise, and of having held at bay for a long time the Franco-Italian army of Joseph Bonaparte. Besides, it was a capital point from which to diffuse and encourage reaction.

In October, 1860, Francis II. was still reigning at Gaeta, and his soldiers were fighting at Capua. There was then a political reason for partisan warfare in the interest of the Bourbons. The mountains of the Abruzzi remained royalist;

Civitella del Tronto furnished a base for operations.

The insurrection broke out the evening before the plebiscite. The people were called to vote for or against the union of the Two Sicilies to the kingdom of Italy. The Bourbon *gens-d'armes* issued from the fort with their banners; and the mountaineers along the line of the Appennines, which separate Teramo from Aquila, at a preconcerted signal, hurled themselves into the plains. They stormed and sacked villages, overthrew the liberal authorities and substituted Bourbon, desolated the country, and cut the throats of liberals in true brigand style.

They advanced almost to Teramo, and repulsed the national guards which the government sent against them. Finally, they encountered a daring volunteer legion of Abruzzesi, and a battalion of regular soldiers. These troops separated them from the garrison of Civitella del Tronto, and drove them back from valley to valley into that of Castellana, high up in the Appennines on the frontiers of three provinces.

In this retreat the bands were secure, and held

their ground for some time, occasionally descending to the plains to procure provisions, for which they paid with bullets.

The honest part of this motley collection of partisans, gradually undeceived, and satisfied of the good intentions of the new government, returned to their houses, leaving only the brigands, old soldiers, ex-convicts and adventurers in this mountain valley. These men had no hope of safety in a well-constituted society, and continued to fight from desperation.

In this state of things, the government sent General Pinelli, one of the best officers of the Italian army, into the province. He made some fruitless attempts to capture the fort, and then turned upon the brigands nested in the valley of Castellana. He had read the biography of Manhès, and issued a formidable proclamation, which scandalized Europe — threatening to shoot all brigands captured with arms in their hands. Pinelli was recalled, in obedience to the cries of horror issuing from the throats of philanthropists with portfolios in London and Paris. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the persons, families and

goods of these philanthropists were perfectly safe from the bloody-handed brigands.

Pinelli left his command, but he had destroyed the brigandage of that province. The shooting of a few assassins had led to hundreds of submissions, and saved thousands of lives.

The garrison at Civitella del Tronto continued to hold out, making a brave and intrepid resistance which is not to be confounded with brigandage.

Another circumstance, more powerful than the rigorous measures of Pinelli, contributed to put an end to brigandage along this part of the Pontifical frontier—*this frontier disappeared.* The annexation of the eastern portion of the Papal States to the kingdom of Italy, made political brigandage east of Civitaducale impossible.

Let us move along the frontier to the westward. Gaeta surrendered on the 13th of February, 1861. The autumn of 1860 was prolific of partisan movements from the Papal States, organized with a political object, but ending always in nothing but brigandage.

At first, these movements attracted little

attention. All eyes were fixed upon Gaeta. The operations of partisans were regarded only as diversions intended to prolong the siege, and it was not supposed that they would continue after the surrender of this stronghold. The siege was therefore pushed forward with the utmost possible rapidity, and the raids of partisans neglected by the army.

The first partisan expeditions on this frontier may therefore be called stratagetic. They aimed at relieving the fortress of Gaeta. An Austrian, named Kleischt, calling himself Lagrange, and acting in concert with General Scotti, organized a plan for a regular campaign. Scotti was to march towards Isernia, Kleischt through Aquila. Their common objective was Popoli.

Scotti set out in the style of Cardinal Ruffo, with perhaps a little less religious demonstration, but, if possible, more outrage and brutality. He spread the usual number of false reports, put down the liberals, organized insurrection, and terrified many of the communes into submission.

Unfortunately for him, he acted on his own falsehoods. One of the rumours circulated was,

that "an Austrian army had crossed the frontier to relieve the suffering Neapolitans from the bloody Piedmontese." It was true in part; the only important difference was that the army was Italian. Scotti, with eight thousand men, fell into the hands of these friends of the suffering Neapolitans.

Kleischt heard of the ill success of his brother partisan two days before he had intended to set out from Avezzano for Aquila. He mounted his horse, and rode sixty miles at a gallop, to avoid sharing the same fate.

A chief under Kleischt, named Giorgi, figured largely in the partisan war of that period. He appears to have been a mixture of the American "boy" and Gil Blas; having all the accomplishments of the first, and being as fond of adventure as the second.

He had been an attorney in a small way, and had practised a good many other professions. In September, 1860, he was arrested for some stroke of business in one of his callings, and conducted to Avezzano by two national guards. He put a bold face upon the matter, and when brought

before the vice-governor, jocosely introduced the guards as a couple of his friends.

He was liberated under an amnesty of Garibaldi, and went straight to Gaeta. Francis II. accepted his services, in accordance with Bourbon tradition, which has always found honest men liberal and rogues conservative.

Giorgi was put under the orders of Kleischt, and acquired a ludicrous distinction in the famous battle of Marsica, where the volunteers of Pateras (liberal), and the volunteers under Kleischt, turned their backs upon each other, and scampered off in triumph. Each party boasted that it had won a battle, and captured cannon, though neither party had any cannon, and the chief contest was a foot-race towards opposite goals.

Giorgi was holding an office at Avezzano, when he heard that the Italian troops were marching towards the place. He mounted a horse which did not belong to him (the best in the Abruzzi), and fled to Rome. It will be seen that he had a capacity for changing front and beating a retreat.

The owner of the horse naturally regretted

the loss of his property, and offered a considerable sum as a reward for his recapture.

A shrewd Italian yankee accepted the conditions and set out for Rome. He found Giorgi and an auctioneer selling the horse in one of the public squares of the city. Mingling with the crowd, the Abruzzese examined the animal with considerable attention, and finally said to Giorgi,

"This horse limps."

"What do you say?" returned Giorgi. "This is the best horse in the Abruzzi."

"I say that he limps."

"And I tell you it's not true."

The discussion grew animated. The horse was walked, trotted and gallopped about, the Abruzzese still insisting that he limped.

"He limps without any body on his back. If he had a man in the saddle he would limp worse."

"Mount him," said the furious Giorgi, "and you will see if he limps."

The Abruzzese did not wait for a second invitation, but vaulted into the saddle and gallopped off; Giorgi shouting in triumph—

"Does he limp? Does he limp?"

In fact, the horse was so sound in his legs that Giorgi never saw him again.

In the last half of December, 1860, Giorgi and his companions collected a singular army, composed of disbanded Bourbon soldiers, peasants, brigands and some Papal Zouaves, with a sprinkling of priests *à la* Ruffo. This army has been estimated as high as fifteen thousand men, but this must be an immense exaggeration. In fact, it was one of those collections of men which it is impossible to count. They were armed with double-barrelled shot guns, old carbines, pikes, knives and agricultural implements. Some had knotty sticks with iron points.

This mass of men was poured into the Abruzzi, with Giorgi at its head decorated with the grand cordon of San Gennaro. They occupied, sacked and levied contributions upon Tagliacozzo, Petrella, Cureomella and other places.

These were their triumphs. They inflamed no revolution, excited no insurrection. Popular indifference had conquered them morally, before General De Sonnaz attacked and dispersed them.

I condense a few of the details of this partisan war.

A corporal who had served in the Garibaldian army, named Biaz, scoured the mountains with one of the divisions of the new Sanfedest army. He preached the holy cause of the Church and the King, promised ducats and indulgences, threatened sack and fire.

On the 19th of January, 1861, some of the men of Giorgi assailed the heights of Scurgola, occupied by a single company (the fourteenth of the sixth of the line), commanded by Captain Foldi. The sudden and fierce attack of the Bourbonists obliged the Italian troops to fall back and ask reinforcements. Two other companies of the line and some lancers were at Magliano; and at the first alarm they ran to the relief of their companions.

The tables were now turned on the Bourbonists, who were surrounded and all captured, except a few who had not entered the village. These were dispersed or killed.

The same evening, Colonel Quintino of the fortieth, arrived from Sora. Climbing the Sal-

viano he heard at a distance the first volleys of musketry, and hurried up reinforcements to all the stratagetic points. The insurgents lost one hundred and thirty men in this battle and rout.

Where was Giorgi? Half a mile away in the convent of Sant Antonio. Hearing the news of his defeat, he again mounted his horse and beat a retreat.

The banner employed by the Bourbonists on this occasion, is described by an eye-witness as being an old wooden crucifix, with a piece of red stuff torn from some church decoration, the whole being attached to a tent pole which they had captured from some Italian troops at Tagliacozzo.

This was the field flag. The oriflamme did not go into action. It was a large white silk flag, well adapted to religious processions, but having no title to be called a Bourbon standard. On one side was an immaculate conception, on the other the mother of Francis II. was represented on her knees before a Madonna, pulling down the cross of Savoy.

These banners were artfully designed to inflame the religious zeal of the ignorant peasantry,

and the whole purpose of the movement was to organize a politico-religious insurrection.

The prisoners taken reported that they had been greatly deceived when they enlisted at Rome. They were told that there was a strong army in the Abruzzi. They found instead some thousands of peasants and bandits, badly armed and wholly undisciplined. This rabble was rashly hurled against troops, who, for discipline and *esprit de corps*, are second to none in the world.

Among the killed of that battle were two reactionary priests found fighting in the ranks.

Some of the population in these old brigand centres, vented their thirst for plunder and blood in the midst of the disorder occasioned by this expedition.

A story is told of a young woman who killed a Garibaldian soldier, seeking shelter in her house, with refinements of cruelty which cannot be written.

After the battle about fifty prisoners remained in the hands of the national troops. The generous sentiments of the hour dictated that these misguided people should be liberated. In

order to impress upon their minds the clemency of the Government and to convert them from the error of their ways, they were conducted to the church as if for the last offices of religion.

A liberal priest addressed them with fiery eloquence, portraying their crimes and exhorting them to reconcile themselves with God. The poor wretches trembled and wept. The priest feigned to be moved to pity. He held out a hope, a faint hope, that human justice might spare them; but he added that they must each solemnly swear, on the crucifix, to take no further part in the insurrection.

The prisoners walked up one by one and swore the oath. *Eight days after they were all re-captured at Carsoli,* in the band of Giorgi.

De Christen was at the same period captain of a heterogeneous army of *Sanfedests.* He was a partisan fighting for the throne and the altar. Surrounded in Bauco by the Italian troops, he surrendered, and was released, promising upon his honour never again to fight against Italy. He kept faith as the Abruzzese prisoners, and in a few days was at the head of a new band. He

made several fruitless incursions. Afterwards he went into Naples under a false name and an English passport, for the purpose of fomenting insurrection in the capital. He was detected, arrested and put into prison.

With De Christen's mad performances the true partisan war ended. Gaeta surrendered, Francis II. issued an address which was thought to afford a hope that he would not seek to return until his people sent for him. The restoration of order was celebrated with *Te Deums* in the churches throughout the kingdom. The joy was premature and ill-timed. The ex-king had a better device than even fighting in the fashion of guerrillas. He sharpened his stiletto and plunged it into the bowels of his people.

Since the fall of Gaeta there has been nothing like a Sanfedist army. The bands of brigands never number more than a few hundred men. They have never attempted any stratagetic combination. Every plan of campaign is a repetition of the last. It consists simply of getting across the frontier, burning, sacking, robbing, forcing contributions, and then rushing back again. In other parts of

the kingdom the same policy prevails; but away from the frontier the bands are always very small, and have their hidings in the mountains, where they are in communication with the Bourbon committees, and receive a certain moral support from the reactionary clergy.

Unfortunately the materials for brigandage were abundant. I have sketched the general causes which have contributed for centuries to accumulate the fuel for civil fires in these provinces so blessed by Heaven and so cursed by man.

The ex-Bourbon army remains to be mentioned. I speak of the Neapolitan part of it—the foreign does not figure in brigandage.

These prisoners of war, taken at Gaeta, Capua, and in other parts of the kingdom, were in an anomalous relation to the government, being at the same time soldiers of an enemy and subjects of Victor Emanuel. They were released on a two months' leave of absence. At the end of this time all who belonged to the levies subsequent to 1857 were required to take their places in the ranks of the Italian army.

This Bourbon army was the very reverse of Cromwell's disbanded veterans of whom Macaulay writes this merited eulogy—

"Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world; and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime, that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or that they would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that in every department of honest industry, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with any theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask an alms, and that, if a baker, a mason, or a waggoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Cromwell's old soldiers."*

Over against that picture put this. Colletta

* "History of England," c. ii.

is describing one of the results of the Bourbon restoration in '99 :—

"The orders of the King gave into the hands of several juntas the work of inquiry into the conduct of the officers of the old army, and since vindictiveness in the minds of the judges was conjoined to the vigorous instructions of the King, it naturally resulted that few of them escaped death, imprisonment or exile. When a council of war sent General Federici to death because he had fought for the Republic—when another council of war condemned to the same punishment Major Eleuterio Ruggeri, because he had upon his person two fresh and bloody wounds—an infinite number of shameful falsehoods were invented to secure the lives of others. One asserted that he had fled in the midst of battle, another bought from a file-leader in the Sanfedist army a false declaration that he had deserted the banner of the Republic. Others procured the enrolment of their names in the registers of Tanfano, Backer, and Cristallaro (Bourbon conspirators and brigands under the Republic), buying at a high price the infamy of treasons in

which they had not shared. Some concealed the traces of honourable wounds, or covered them with dishonour, asserting that they were produced by licentiousness of life.

"The forged letters, documents and oaths, the falsehoods and perversions were constant and innumerable. All ideas of honour were turned backwards—the strongest bond of an army was broken.

"The juntas had no better guide for their decisions than to reverse the conduct of the Republic, regarding those as traitors who had served it well, those as loyal who had betrayed it. And since the Republic had employed the valorous and neglected cowards, they punished military virtues and rewarded military vices."*

That was done in the green tree, it is to be regretted that Colletta did not live to attempt a description of what was done in the dry. Sixty years later the Bourbon policy had annihilated the *morale* of the Neapolitan army. The year 1820 may be taken as a half-way house, morally if not chronologically. In 1819 General Pepe

* "Storia," b. v. c. x.

(William) being in the service and pay of the King, planned the arrest of his royal master, whom he expected to visit his military command. He pleads patriotism as his motive, and was unquestionably a true patriot. But where is the strength of an army, if a general, to satisfy his devotion to the nation, must become the Brutus of his Imperial employer?

That was done under epaulettes—what depths of degradation were not reached by the rank and file? They, too, had steadily gone downwards for sixty years; the result was an army ready for every crime in preference to honest toil.

The circumstances of the kingdom, and the negligence of the local authorities largely contributed to enlarge this stream of licentiousness and vagabondism. The conscripts of former years, whether or not they had been in the army, were called on to complete their term of military service. The thorns, briars, and brambles that had grown up in all the local bureaus are hinted at in this passage of the Massari Report :—

"Some of the disbanded and drafted men

were already in the campagna, but the greater part were living, apparently at least, quietly in their own houses. The recall to service was by no means grateful to them, and the manner in which the order was executed rendered matters worse. The preparations for receiving the conscripts had been neglected. No deposit of arms and provisions had been made. So that those who presented themselves, finding nothing in readiness, were compelled to return home, and then to respond to a new summons. In some cases this going and coming went on for three successive times. Not a few of the conscripts, to escape from service, produced false furloughs or releases, and some persons made a speculation of these frauds. It seems, in fact, that these false releases amounted to *thirty thousand.*

"These recalled conscripts were the principal instruments of the new reaction in some provinces, signally in those of Avellino and Bari, in July, 1861."*

From other parts of the same Report, and from the work of Saint-Jorioz, we learn that the

* Page 41.

speculators in these transactions were generally the old Bourbon civil officers. The examination of a local archive has often developed a rottenness which beggars description.

Often it was not the young conscript, but his friends—in some cases it was the very syndic of his commune—who did not like the service of Victor Emanuel. These merchants in dishonour manufactured their goods, transformed well-meaning young men into offenders against the sternest part of the national law, and then set them to skulking on the mountains. The transit to brigandage, for young men who have grown up in its presence, is not long; they had run half the distance when they were led to shirk from the draft. Still few became brigands who had not by crime become obnoxious to the common law, or who had not vicious habits. Ten honest peasant boys could not be found among a thousand brigands even in 1861. But a powerful temptation was put in the way of the vicious, profligate and idle part of the conscripts, and they furnished the bloodiest contingent to brigandage. There is no difficulty in comprehending the demoraliza-

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tion of the ex-soldiers. They were part of a demoralized government. The army had never been respectable, and had been so often recruited from convicts and brigands, that its moral tone was down to the level of the galley and the bandit raid.

Recruited from a miserable and immoral populace, the life led by the army in the last months of its service completed its ruin. Against the revolution the government had hurled it in impotent rage, had permitted pillage and burnings against its own people, and had conducted its retreats before the advance of civilization with the torch in one hand and the knife in the other.

The disbanded soldiers did not wish to return to serve under a king who had a fighting reputation. Besides, the work was harder, and the pay less, under the Cross than under the Lilies. Accustomed to the indolence of the barracks, they could not be readily converted into operatives and farmers. One occupation alone remained—brigandage; and to that many of them turned before political brigandage had been planned at Rome.

Another class reinforced them in this work. Francis II. closed the Bourbon dynasty as Charles I. began it, by throwing open the prisons. The triumphant march of Garibaldi from Reggio to Naples was attended with such overwhelming enthusiasm that everybody believed the political millenium had come. Some of the prisons were opened—many of the inmates were confined only for liberal opinions—and in the excitement of the hour some of the ex-convicts enrolled themselves under the Dictator.

The rogues participated in the triumphs of Naples, restrained and sobered by the greatest personality of the age, and when the new order was established they presented their claims for rewards. The Government examined their titles, and sent them back to prison.

Cipriano La Gala, one of the bloodiest names in this apotheosis of assassination, offered his services at that period to the Government. He proposed to employ his sword against the brigands. The Government put him on trial for old offences. He contrived to escape from prison and took the field as a brigand.

The ex-soldiers, escaped convicts, false liberals, malefactors, mendicants and vagabonds, reinforced by starving mountaineers, threw themselves upon the highways, and lived by robbery. The bands were all small, at first rarely exceeding twenty men, and they had their haunts in places consecrated for ages to these crimes. They levied contributions and forced the payment of ransoms; but until orders arrived from Rome, they set up no banner, and did not know that there was such a thing as a political creed which sanctifies every species of wrong.

They put their claims on a ground very respectable in the eyes of all Neapolitans. "We have nothing to eat; we must steal."* The rest follows. A homicide is always spoken of by

* Alexander Dumas relates that an old Englishman and his niece drowned themselves in the sea at Naples. The bodies were exposed on the beach for identification, and a sentinel was posted over them. At length, some persons arrived who knew them, and knew also that absolute want of food had driven them to suicide. One of the party explained this to the sentinel. He opened his eyes, and protested that he did not understand. The gentleman repeated that the old man and his niece had drowned themselves to avoid death by starvation. The Neapolitan soldier rubbed his forehead as if trying to comprehend an utterly novel idea, and after a pause innocently asked, "*Why didn't they steal?*"

these people as "*an accident.*" What more did they need to satisfy their consciences?

It was a work of supererogation, but the hierarchy at Rome hastened to put forth a new justification. The brigands accepted it, and thenceforth taxed, collected ransoms, burnt, murdered and ravished, in the name of Francis II. and the holy Catholic Church.

These are historical facts. Between the partisan war which ended with the fall of Gaeta and the advent of Chiavone, there was plenty of common brigandage without political colour. It took on a political dress in pursuance of a general plan, issuing from Rome and diffused through the kingdom by means of Bourbon committees and the reactionary clergy.

The common brigandage in some portions of these provinces will last while misery, ignorance, and religious superstition endure. One generation at least will pass before it can be entirely eradicated. Political brigandage takes a wider sweep, and swells these little rills of ancient crime into broad streams which devastate whole provinces, and breed discontent with the govern-

ment in all classes. This is the intent of those who direct this vast conspiracy against the peace of Italy. The results have not reached these dimensions; but they have enlarged the old wound, and deferred for years the subjugation of the chronic disease.

A history of the current brigandage would include full portraits of those saintly men, who sit by comfortable firesides concocting as a means to execrable political ends, schemes to desolate the hearth-stones of innocent families.

The materials for such a task are not yet collected, and in these brief notes that part of the history must be deferred to another time, perhaps to other hands. But I venture to sketch a little, one of the bishops who find grace and consolation for this employment.

Monsignor Montieri, bishop of Sora under the old regime, later a refugee at Rome and a principal fomenter of brigandage, was a singular compound of idiocy and folly. His life would furnish a theme for a most ludicrous book, if it were illuminated with a little more intelligence.

He had not been long bishop of Sora when he

discovered that the morals of his diocese needed mending. He began at the bottom.

Every traveller in Italy has seen the peasant women washing clothes in the streams. They stand in the water with their garments gathered above the knees, and the lower part of their nether limbs looking very picturesque but scarcely fascinating. Probably it had never occurred to any body that the practice was of immoral tendency. But one day the bishop, walking with his eyes bent on his breviary bound in red morocco with gold clasps, happened to lift his eyes, and they fell on the—ancles of the nymphs of Sora washing in the crystal waters of the Liri.

The bishop was scandalized. He ordered the municipality to erect a wash-house in front of the episcopal palace where he could have these water deities under his own supervision. The wash-house was erected, at an expense of four thousand ducats. But the architect had failed to measure the level of the water, and when finished the floor of the house was two feet above the surface of the stream. Not a drop of water could be got into it except at the season of the

flood. The municipal council prosecuted the bishop for the four thousand ducats. The matter was referred to Ferdinand II., and he recommended the bishop to pay the four thousand ducats.

The wash-house remained for Bishop Montieri, one of those good intentions with which hell is paved.

He took it into his head that the French were the authors of all the evil manners of his diocese, and began to correct their practices.

An old Frenchman, seventy years of age, had a female servant of fifty. The bishop complained to him that the servant was too young to be in the employ of a single gentleman, and insisted that to silence scandal, he should marry her!

The old man appealed to his ambassador at Naples, who laid the matter before the King. Ferdinand wrote to Montieri :—

"Do as you please with my subjects, but for God's sake leave the subjects of the King of France in tranquillity."

The following is more tragic :—

A rich countryman of Arpino married a beau-

tiful young wife. The bride manifested certain reluctances which led the husband to look about him. In looking, he discovered a number of letters revealing a criminal connection between his wife and the village curate.

The curate, learning that he was discovered, took the young woman and fled to Rome. Here was a pretty scandal for the virtuous bishop. If the case were brought before the courts, the Church would suffer, and his reforms would be wasted. He went to work to silence the scandal. After a deal of useless persuasion, he bought the letters for a thousand ducats, burned them up, and sent for the runaway couple.

The curate returned to his duty, and the wife, spite of her husband's opposition, to the house of her legal lord.

The victim stormed. His friends, who had seen the letters, made indiscreet statements. The bishop calmly put the latter in prison, and defied the former to produce his proofs. Bishop Montieri silenced the scandal.

In his diocese, this bishop was as powerful as the Pope at Rome. He sentenced his parishioners

to "make the exercises," and to secure obedience locked them up in the convents. Both sexes were subjected to this punishment. That a woman was married did not impose on the conscience of Montieri the duty of consulting her husband. On the contrary, if the husband complained, he ordered him to the monastery; and if he hesitated, called the *gens-d'armes* to execute the order. His authority extended along the whole course of the Liri, and he had under his orders the civil and military power. Ferdinand II. believed him a saint; and if, by chance, their carriages met in the street, the king would descend and go on foot to kiss the hand of the pious prelate.

Bishop Montieri was a logician. In his last pastoral letter he gravely put forth this proof of it.

"When our dear sovereign, Francis II., came into the world, his mother died. When he married, his father died. This double affliction proves to us that Providence has great designs in regard to him."

The bishop's subsequent employment indicates

pretty clearly what he thought these designs of Providence to be. According to him, Francis II. is to improve the morals of his late subjects by turning half of them into brigands. If the experiment were likely to end with as little damage to society as the failure of the bishop's wash-house, we might witness the trial with less discontent.

When Francis II. left Gaeta, Montieri went to Casamari, on the frontier of the Papal States, and took up his abode in the convent which was long the head quarters of Chiavone, who was one of the bishop's happiest inventions.

Political brigandage began in 1861. In the Basilicata several bands, made up of the elements already described, had been engaged for some time in plundering and levying contributions on their own account. In April they received orders from the Bourbon committees, and opened books for the ex-king. On the 7th of April, they mounted red coccades, and, entering the region of Lago Pensile, or Lagopesole, excited the peasants to unite in their cry of "Viva Francis II." They promised the peasants six carlines a day

(six times their usual wages) and the perquisites of their trade, that is to say, the profits of pillage and ransoms.

They announced that Francis II. had landed on the Adriatic shore with thousands of Austrians, a rumour which the reactionary priests diligently circulated. Soon, hundreds of caps were decorated with red coccades, and numerous bands of armed peasants infested every road and put every unprotected village or house in jeopardy.

During the night of the 8th of April, they assailed the guard at Ripacandida. Captain Michele Anastasia heard their tumultuous cry, went out of the guard-house, and was killed. His death satisfied a private enmity. The assassin was a man of Melfi named Ciecio. Nothing else appears to have been accomplished that day. The next morning the assailants were reinforced by peasants and disbanded soldiers, until they numbered three or four hundred men.

The chief of the band with the title of general, was the infamous Carmine Donatello, surnamed and commonly called Crocco. He was an escaped forçat, and had thirty crimes registered

against him on the Bourbon books; viz., fifteen acts of larceny, three attempts at larceny, three voluntary homicides, two attempts at homicide, and seven minor offences.

Vincenzo Nardi was one of Crocco's lieutenants. He had committed fifteen acts of larceny, and four assassinations. He called himself Colonel D'Amati. It was he who entered Rapallo, saying cynically:—

"Francis II. is called a robber. Well, I, a robber by profession, come to restore this robber to his throne."

Michele La Rotonda accused of four robberies, two attempts at homicide and various other offences, was decorated with the title of a lieutenant-colonel.

In this army of robbers, Guiseppe Niccola Summa, who had on his conscience only three robberies and two homicides, was fain to content himself with the rank of major.

This band took possession of Ripacandida, rang the bells, raised the white banner, chanted the *Te Deum*, and organized a provisional Bourbon government. They sacked the house of

the murdered Captain Anastasia, and generously allowed his family to bury his body on the condition of paying a large sum of money. A rich proprietor, named Larusso, was bound before his own door, and made a witness of the pillage of his own property. For two days there was a general festival. There were rockets and illuminations, on the one side; impositions, contributions and ransoms on the other. They robbed with tumultuous joy.

Venosa, the birth-place of Horace, was the next victim. On the morning of the 10th, its national guard, about sixty strong, issued from the town to make a reconnaisance. They encountered a crowd of peasants, fleeing pale with terror, who asserted that thousands of brigands were close at their heels. The guards turned back and prepared for defence.

Presently the brigand horde came up, about six hundred in number, half of whom were armed with guns, the rest with spades, hoes, and axes. They were bravely repulsed from one side of the city, but moved to the other. The plebs were beckoning them, and dropping down ladders for

them to scale the walls. The national guard, entrenched in the tower of the church, were about to fire upon the assailants as they mounted the walls. A timid *bourgeois* cried to them from a window—

"For charity, do not shoot them. They are our brothers, and they bring us peace."

There is a volume on the popular weakness of logic in this appeal. It was successful. The guard did not fire, and Crocco entered the town without losing a man. He instantly ordered a general sack, and was obeyed with ardour. They began with the treasury of the commune, and swept everything clean. What they could not carry away was committed to the flames. The houses of the canons Albano and La Conca were ruined. A young girl, niece of La Conca, had her face disfigured for life by a sword cut. Another young woman, who was assailed by a brigand, fired a pistol at the rascal. The shot missed, and she threw herself desperately from the window.

The procurator of the monastery of San Benedetto was obliged to pay a large sum. The

prisons were opened and the prisoners joined in a general riot. They sacked the house of a jeweller named Montrone, and then killed him under the eyes of his son, a child of twelve years. These are a few particulars of these horrid scenes.

All this while the national guard was entrenched in its castle. A message was sent to them that the pillage would cease when they surrendered; they surrendered accordingly, and the pillage went on like a jubilee.

After the tragedy comes the comedy. The next morning, about two hundred of these drunken wretches formed in line, and announced to the people that they were going out to meet General Bosco (Bourbon), who was marching on the place with his army. In that country everything is believed; the people of Venosa believed Crocco. They have swallowed a larger dose of the incredible than this. One day a Bourbon soldier rushed into the town, out of breath and covered with dust.

A hundred voices cried—

"Where do you come from, and what is the matter?"

"I come from Naples. Don Francis II. has returned to the throne of his fathers!" The people of Venosa believed it.

The pillage of the town lasted three days; all the galantuomini, except a few who had aided in the enterprise, were forced to pay ransoms for their lives. Guiseppe Antonio Ghiusa was butchered in the public square because he hesitated to cry "Viva Francis II." After the pillage, Crocco reviewed his "soldiers." One of them, named Romaniello, asked leave to return home. Crocco shot him with his own pistols.

The band left Venosa on the 14th, preceded by nine mules loaded with twenty thousand ducats in silver.

The plebs continued the sack on their own account. On the 16th, a body of national guards, about four hundred strong, arrived, and were received with wild demonstrations of joy. The same plebs which had cried "Viva Francis II." a few days before, now split their throats with vivas for Victor Emanuel.

Crocco retired to Melfi. From this city he

addressed a letter to an old friend, which disclosed the fountain from which this stream of assassination flowed.

MELFI, *April* 16, 1861.

DEAR GABRIEL,

The provisory government has been established to-day at Melfi by a military commission. Matters go finely. I have acted under superior orders. The decree was issued at Rome on the 28th of February by our King, Francis II. (whom may God guard and protect). If you wish to take service, the superiors will give you arms and *liberty*, and you will be raised to my rank. Collect, then, promptly some forces, and do as I have done, that is to say, disarm the country, and destroy the banner of Victor Emanuel. Be assured that all the people, as one man, will revolt at the cry of "Viva Francis II., King of the Two Sicilies."

If you accept, inform me with splendid deeds. If you refuse, come out into the campagna with your army, and give me an appointment anywhere, because I am ready to meet you gun in

hand, and I shall make you pay dear for your imprudence.

The general commanding,

CARMINE DONATELLA.*

Several communes on the line of Crocco's march were excited to revolt. In Rapalla, the inhabitants cried with joy, "The rats (brigands) have eaten the cats (soldiers)." But, in fact, there was no fighting. A band of robbers, acting in the name of the ex-king, and circulating every species of falsehood, moved the people through their fears and cupidity. It would be a terrible thing to be on the wrong side of a revolution, especially one propagated with torches and daggers. The people of these unfortunate districts avoid this danger by being on both sides of every contest.

At San Chirico an incident occurred which is worthy of commemoration in itself, but which mounts to the sublime in this land of vengeance and homicide. A certain Lavacca, of the place,

* Crocco only signed this letter. There is only one error of orthography in the original, and that is in the signature. His signatures would be a treasure for any orthographical museum.

was killed in a little duel between the insurgents of San Chirico and the national guard of Tolve. The nationals retired to avoid the effusion of blood, but left behind seven of their number. The wife of Lavacca—rendered a widow with seven fatherless children by this strife—received into her house, concealed, and fed one of these men of Tolve. Such instances of Christian magnanimity do not abound anywhere, but in these provinces it would be difficult te find another instance.

Crocco advanced to Lavello without meeting resistance; his brigands pillaged everything, even stripping the women of their ear-rings.

In Melfi the revolt had assumed a grave character; several of the respectable class had remained faithful to Francis II., and wished his restoration. In these provinces, from king to peasant, he who wills the end wills the means. The insurrection was organized by these Bourbonists and the clergy, in concert with the ignorant population. The usual false news was circulated. Francis II. had entered the kingdom at the head of the Austrians, his ships were

entering the harbour of Naples, and General Bosco was close at hand with twelve thousand troops. The people made haste to believe, and to get on the right side of the coming change of power. The plotters took care to stop the mails, and keep out the newspapers; then they manufactured bulletins to suit each new emergency. The syndic, who was loyal to Italy, tried his hand at the same system, reporting the speedy arrival of an army from Naples. The Bourbonists had the advantage of him; they had stolen his dispatches outside of the city, and learned that the government at Naples was not able to send troops in time.

The revolt broke out on the 12th of April; the plebs led off under the smiles of the Bourbonists and the benedictions of the clergy. An ex-soldier, Patino by name, took the title of general, and taking as his maxim that a man's first duty is to himself, forced all who passed him to make a deferential salute.

The prisons were opened, the criminal records burned, the pictures of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi destroyed. The city was wild with

tumult; the houses of liberals were sacked, the populace ran the streets drunken and infuriated "for the Church and the true King." The women excelled the men in ferocity. An old woman of sixty years put on the dress of a Bourbon soldier, and distinguished herself by threatening to kill everybody. In the churches the *Te Deum* was chanted; in the public places provisions and other supplies were collected for the Bourbon army, supposed to be coming.

The army came, but it was only Crocco and his cut-throats. His ingress was a triumph; no greater honour could have been paid to Francis himself. Crocco might have wondered whether he were not indeed the king.

For three days he ruled like a dictator; he taxed on principles unknown to political economists. They are troubled with fear of killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Crocco expected never to tax Melfi again, and he took all he could find. One hundred per cent. is a profitable revenue; Crocco found thirty thousand ducats in Melfi, and took them away with him. He went because he had received better in-

formation than he peddled to the people. The terrible Piedmontese were coming, and he did not care to exchange civilities with them.

The Italian troops arrived. Melfi mounted the tricolor and set up its pictures of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi. The leaders in the insurrection were dragged through the streets amid the hisses and yells of the same plebs who had executed their orders with the utmost fidelity and enthusiasm. Crocco retired, and his band gradually dwindled away.

However, his decline was not without some lustre. At Monteverde, Carbonara, and Calibri, he was able to pillage to his heart's content, and at Corza he found such religious consolation as his conscience might naturally be supposed to need after his painful labours in the service of his king. The archbishop of this place gave him a magnificent reception, with the ringing of bells and the *Te Deum*. Not to leave any doubt in the mind of the hero, the bishop blessed his "sacred phalanx in the name of God."

These are the principal events in this insurrection. The details would fill a volume. It

will be seen that it was not in the least military. There was little fighting, and in all cases ten militia-men were a match for a hundred of these robbers. It was a mixture of revolt promoted by lies, and of robbery consecrated by a politico-religious pretext. The agitation spread through a hundred small villages and rural hamlets, was accompanied with an outburst of all the bad passions of human nature, and caused a vast amount of loss and suffering. But it did not endure for twenty days, and was repressed almost entirely by the people themselves.

The brigands of Crocco broke up into little bands, and for some time infested the banks of the Ofanto, where they pursued their profession without a banner, and robbed without inquiring into the politics of their victims. We shall meet with Crocco again. While I write (1864) he rides in the Basilicata, in the style of Gaetano Vardarelli. The local militia acquitted themselves so well in this period, that the national parliament solemnly resolved—

"That, in the recent events, the national

guards of the southern provinces have deserved well of the country."

With this grave national document the reader may contrast the following letter, which gives insight into the motives and moral perceptions of the peasants of this region.

It is a letter from a woman of Ripacandida to her husband, who is "out with Crocco." I regret that, in translating it, all its orthographical and etymological value necessarily escapes.

My dear Husband,

I am glad that you are in good health, and that God has kept you from every misfortune. It is said publicly at Ripacandida that you have been courageous, and that the Lord accompanies you to give you the victory. I am displeased for only one thing, because all the men of the town have brought riches to their families. I, weeping and crying, have said to myself, "Why don't my husband remember me?" saying I am a poor woman, who never have any good luck. I say to myself, "My husband had a good, generous

heart, why then does he seem to have a heart of stone?"

I pray you as soon as possible to take away my misery. My brothers salute you dearly, and say they want something to remember you by. Give a gun to each of them, in order that they may remember your good heart, because I have not received the gun which you sent. I embrace you with love.

Your affectionate wife,

TERESA SAIRNA.

Written* by me, Michele Guglielmucci, and by me sent also a small gun.

To the care of Donata Rega-Venosa.

At the end of April, all signs of the revolt in the Basilicata had disappeared, and the province was as tranquil as Lombardy.

* It is hardly necessary to say that the weeping Teresa could neither read nor write.

CHAPTER IV.

DON JOSE BORJÈS AND HIS JOURNAL.

The foreign leaders in brigandage—Borjès a Spaniard and Carlist captain in the wars of succession—Enlisted by General Clary, chief of the Bourbon committee—Clary's instructions to Borjès—The Spaniard sails from Malta to Brancaleone—His letter to Clary—The band of Mittica—The Spaniards detained as prisoners by the brigands—Fruitless assault on Plati—Mittica's men desert—Mittica deserts—Borjès finds one *true* partisan—Extracts from his journal—His difficulties, forced marches, narrow escapes, fasts and bleeding feet—Finds Crocco in the Basilicata—Crocco's distrust of Borjès—The brigands make an expedition—They capture and sack fourteen villages—Crocco, Ninco Nanco, Donato, Serraville and Langlois—The brigands disperse under their leaders—Borjès and his officers set out for Rome—The terrible enemy establishes his winter camp on the mountains—Borjès is compelled to descend to the plain—Reaches Tagliacozzo, close to the frontier—Captured by Major Franchini and his riflemen—Condemned and shot as a brigand—Expediency and justice of this execution—Borjès' failure a splendid testimony to the stability of United Italy.

THE march of Don Jose Borjès from Brancaleone,

on the Ionian coast of Calabria, to Tagliacozzo, within five miles of the Papal frontier, is the most remarkable episode in the whole history of brigandage. Borjès was a Spaniard, who had fought on the Carlist side of the war of succession in Spain, commanding with some success one of the bands of guerillas. Doubtless this species of war had made it less difficult than if he had been a regular soldier, to descend to the ranks of Neapolitan brigands. On the other hand, the evidence is clear and abundant that he was deceived by his religious education and devotion to legitimacy, and betrayed by the reactionists of Rome.

General Clary, one of the chief managers of brigandage, has scoured all Europe in search of dissolute and wrecked men of name and talent, in order to invest the schemes of reaction with some appearance of respectability.

In 1860 and 1861 his efforts were crowned with some success. Trazègnies, Borjès, and Count Edwin were beguiled by flattering promises, which were the more readily believed that the victims were destitute of employment, over-

whelmed with debts, or unable to rise in a regular career. If the volunteers of these years had been successful, we should have been spectators of a civil war, instead of brigandage in the years 1862 and 1863. These foreign leaders would have been only the advance guard of an army of counts, marquises, ex-officers, and adventurers from every country in Europe.

Fortunately the Italian Government captured and shot the advance guard. Their names were so well known, they pleaded in vain such respectable titles, that all other adventurers were convinced of the perilous nature of the Bourbon service.

There can be no doubt that the summary execution of these three men has saved thousands of lives.

Borjès was enrolled in France, and destined by his employers to follow the footsteps, and imitate the triumphs, of Cardinal Ruffo in 1799. Any lingering doubt the reader may entertain of the complicity of the ex-king with brigandage, will be set at rest by the following letter of instruction given to Borjès by General Clary. It

was found upon him when he was captured at Tagliacozzo :—

INSTRUCTIONS TO GENERAL BORJES.

For the purpose of protecting the people of the Two Sicilies, betrayed by the Piedmontese government, which has oppressed and undeceived them;

To second the efforts of this generous people, who demand their legitimate sovereign and father;

To prevent the effusion of blood, by giving direction to the national movement—

General Borjès will proceed to the Calabrias, and proclaim there the authority of the legitimate King, Francis II.

He will observe the following instructions—it being understood that he will modify them according to circumstances and his judgment; because it is impossible to establish fixed rules, but only the general principles, which shall determine his conduct.

1. Having assembled as many men as possible with the means furnished him, the General

will embark, and proceed to that point on the coast of Calabria which may seem likely to present least obstacles and dangers in landing.

2. As soon as he shall have captured any place, and after having taken the most suitable military precautions, he will establish there the military authority of Francis II. under his flag. He will appoint the syndic, councillors, decurions and civic guard; he will always select men entirely devoted to the *king* and to *religion*—taking special care to avoid those individuals who, under the appearance of devotion, wish only to satisfy their private animosities—a thing which has always merited the particular attention of the government in view of the fierceness of those people.

3. The General will summon all soldiers who have not completed their time of service to return to their standards, and he will enrol all volunteers who shall desire to serve their beloved sovereign and father. He will take care to divide the soldiers into two classes: (1.) Those belonging to the battalions of chasseurs; (2.) Those of regiments of the line and of other corps.

Increasing their number, he will form the divisions of the various arms—artillery, sappers and miners, infantry of the line, carbineers, and cavalry. He will take care not to admit the old officials, with regard to whom he will receive special instructions. He will give the command of the different corps to the *foreign officers who shall accompany him.* He will select an honest and capable officer for commissary of war, and, successively, officers for other branches of administration and for sanitary purposes. General Clary will send, from time to time, Bourbon guides, who, though armed with carbines, will act as ordnance and staff-officers. A battalion will consist of four companies, and, when the forces increase, it may be enlarged to eight companies.

The definite organization of this army will be established by his Majesty, the King.

The battalions will take the following names: (1) King Francis; (2) Maria Sofia; (3) Prince Luigi; (4) Prince Alfonso. Their uniforms will be made after a model furnished by General Clary.

4. As soon as he shall have a sufficient force, General Borjès will commence military operations.

5. Since the object of the expedition is the submission of the Calabrias, this end will be obtained when the Calabrias shall be subdued. General Borjès will inform General Clary of all his movements, of the districts which he shall have occupied, the appointments provisionally made by him; reserving always the approval, or modification or change of the same to the royal pleasure.

6. He will not appoint governors of provinces, since his Majesty, through General Clary, will send the persons destined for these high offices. The General will take care to establish the ordinary tribunals, excluding those judges who have passed into the service of the usurper.

General Borjès *will have power to use, for the service of his army, any funds which he may need, giving in every case regular receipts.* He will select for his use in preference: (1) Public funds; (2) Funds of benevolent and religious bodies; (3) The property of those persons who have favoured the usurper.

7. He will publish a proclamation, sending a copy to General Clary, promising a general amnesty to political offenders. All common crimes will be referred to the tribunals. He will make it understood that every one is free to think as he pleases, provided he does not conspire against the authority of the King and against the dynasty. A printed proclamation will be sent by General Clary, to be published as soon as a landing has been effected in Calabria.

8. To avoid confusion or doubtful orders, the rule is established that General Borjès, and all under him, will obey only such orders as are issued by General Clary, even though others should base their claims upon orders from the King. No orders of this nature can be issued except through General Clary. The General and his subordinates will disregard, even though coming from General Clary, all orders which would tend to violate the rights of our august Sovereign, our august Queen, and their dynasty.

On the occasion of his first success, General Borjès will find himself surrounded by generals and other officers who will wish to serve him.

He will keep them all at a distance. His Majesty will send those officers whom he shall deem worthy of serving under his banner.

9. In Calabria, there must be many thousands of guns and other munitions. General Borjès will order them to be restored at once to the magazines at Monteleone, and will punish severely every person who shall refuse to surrender the same within a brief period.

10. The foundries of Mongiana, the armouries at Stilo and Serra, will be put into immediate operation.

General Borjès will propose promotions and decorations for those persons who shall distinguish themselves in the campaign.

11. He will have the greatest care for his prisoners, but will not set them at liberty, nor discharge officers on their parole. If any one is guilty of insolence or outrage to prisoners, he shall be tried by a council of war and immediately shot.

General Borjès will accept no excuses on this point; however, in fighting the Piedmontese, he will have the right to use reprisals.

12. An account shall be rendered to General Clary of every modification of these instructions which urgent circumstances may require.'

G. CLARY.

MARSEILLES, *July* 5, 1861.

This letter of instructions was accompanied by some special hints, for finding friends and assistance, written by the Prince of Scilla. One of these suggestions is as follows:—the Prince recommends his guard Lampo Lampo, an old *galeotto* (convict).

After reading these instructions it is impossible to repress the question whether General Clary was not himself the dupe of false information. There had been a year of profound tranquillity in the Calabrias, and the authority of Victor Emanuel was as firmly established as in Lombardy. Yet General Clary organizes an army on paper, and provides for civil government with as much complacency as if every man, woman, and child in the Calabrias was in actual rebellion. But all this was to deceive Borjès, to create through him a formidable brigandage on

the mountains where Manhès crushed it in 1810. If Clary had believed a tithe of his preamble, he would have headed these divisions and corps in person. Borjès, who had never been nearer Italy than Marseilles, believed that to be which he thought ought to be—that is, that the population of the Calabrias was sighing for the legitimate king.

Borjès went to Malta, collected a few officers, principally Spaniards, and set out to restore Francis II. to his throne.

Among his papers was found the following letter to General Clary, which shows us what success attended his first efforts:—

In Calabria, *September*, 1861.

My General,

After many difficulties and embarrassments in procuring arms and ammunition, I finally succeeded in getting twenty guns. I then encountered new obstacles, in the means of getting away from Malta. There were some suspicions, I know not why or how; but it is certain that the journals spoke of our attempt before our departure.

On the 11th current, I embarked with my officers on board a species of cutter (spronara), and set sail at half-past ten in the evening, committing myself to the will of God.

After a voyage of two days, finding myself near the shore of Brancaleone, and being overtaken by a storm which did not permit us to proceed, I resolved to land, and, at nightfall of the 13th, disbarked on a coast which I found entirely deserted.

Having no guide, I went towards a light which I discovered in the campagna. It proved to be the lantern of a shepherd. A providential fortune willed that I should fall into the hands of an honest man, who conducted us into a place called Falco, where we bivouacked under the open sky.

The following day, the 14th, at half-past five A.M., we set out, under the guidance of the shepherd, towards the village of Precacore, where we were well received by the few people whom we found there and by their curate, with the cry, "Viva Francis II." This first success gave me good hopes—*hopes which I soon lost.*

In the meantime, twenty peasants enrolled themselves under my orders, and with this microscopic army I resolved to proceed into the country. There are two towns near to Precacore, St. Agatha and Caraffa. I decided to go to the last, as the one best recommended to me for its sentiments. I marched about three P.M., but passing near St. Agatha, I was assailed by about fifty of the guards mobile. They began with a sharp fire. At the first discharge *my new recruits took to flight,* and I found myself alone with my officers. However, having a good position, I did my duty, and sustained the fire for about an hour and a half.

When the firing ceased, I received a messenger, who, in the names of the proprietors of Caraffa, invited me to enter their town. I refused, and I did well, for they had laid an ambush into which I must have fallen.

From people who came to me during the firing, I heard that there was a *band* very near in the country, commanded by a certain Mittica, and that the *monks* of *Bianco* could give me information about him. I lost no time, since I knew

that the Piedmontese at Gerace had been informed about us.

The abbot of Bianco directed me towards Natile, where I arrived, after a horrible march, at half-past three P.M. on the 15th. Before entering the village, I sent for the notary Sculli, to whom I had been directed. He received us kindly, and conducted us into the vicinity of Cirella, to a place called Scardarilla, where Mittica had his camp composed of about one hundred and twenty men, mostly armed. I noticed that Mittica distrusted us, believing us to be enemies. In fact, he told me so plainly, adding, that he would not put himself under my orders until after our first battle. I was then *detained as a prisoner*, as were also my officers. This lasted three days, and was a great misfortune. When I ought to have been in command, I was obliged to obey.

In the meantime, Mittica informed me that he intended to attack the town of Plati, where there were many national guards and few Piedmontese. In fact, in the night of the 16th and 17th, we marched towards this place.

We were to have attacked it on three sides,

but in reality attacked only on one, and this Mittica reserved for himself. At twenty minutes past four, the signal was given by the discharge of a gun. The fight began with a sharp fire. If advantage had been taken of the first confusion to storm the town, it would have been taken without difficulty; at least I would have acted so, but at that moment I was powerless, and found myself mixed in the strife as a simple amateur.

The garrison (which, without our knowledge, had received a reinforcement of one hundred men), responded so vigorously to our fire, that it was impossible to take the town. We beat a retreat at half-past ten, without having a man dead or wounded, though the enemy had several.

We marched to Cinina, and disarmed it. We collected there but few guns. At the same time, we learned that four hundred Piedmontese, disbarked the day before, united to others in the vicinity, and the guards mobile, were preparing to attack us. We immediately raised our camp, and moved towards the mountain in a drenching rain. We encamped on the summit.

On the 18th, at forty-five minutes past six,

we marched towards the mountains of Catanzaro, but had not proceeded far before we fell into an ambuscade. The enemy had attempted to turn our position. We marched back, and fell into another ambuscade. At length, after some firing, we succeeded in escaping from this embarrassing position, and at eleven A.M. entered the plain of Gerace. I was followed only by my officers, by Mittica and about forty of his soldiers. *The rest had abandoned us.*

We descended to the coast, and marched till within an hour of Giffone, where we halted and tried to obtain some bread. We had to content ourselves to remain fasting, and at one A.M. of the 19th, resumed our march. *Mittica and the rest of his men deserted us.* I halted on Mount Feudo. Some armed men dislodged us, and compelled us to run for some time.

We finally secured a secluded place, and rested. At forty-five minutes past five, we set out for Cerri, where we arrived the next day at five A.M. We halted at Serra di Cuoco, near the village of Torre. An old soldier of the chasseurs presented himself, and asked to accompany me.

He is the only partisan I have found in the country.

On the 21st of September, we advanced to the mountains of Nocella; and to-day, the 22nd, after a painful march, I arrived at Serra Stretta, facing the Sila, which I hope to ascend very soon.

This letter had been written in the hope of finding an opportunity of sending it to Rome. But no occasion offered, and it was found in Borjès' portfolio, at Tagliacozzo, on the 8th of December. On the 22nd of September, Borjès opened his journal, and kept it with remarkable minuteness until the 30th of November. From that time until his capture, on the 8th of December, nothing occurs in his diary but a few dates and names.

This adventurer spent three months in his march. He traversed the whole length of the old kingdom of Naples, receiving almost everywhere friendly assistance from the shepherds and peasants, and falling in with several bands of brigands, but finding in all that time only one

true partisan of the fallen government. So far from witnessing that enthusiastic devotion to Francis which he had expected to behold, he was pursued by the militia, betrayed by many of the peasants, and kept marching and countermarching in the mountains, to escape being shot like a wolf by the people whom he had come to rescue from oppression.

In Lower Calabria he had found one band of brigands under the chief Mittica, and had been held for three days as a prisoner. In that capacity he had witnessed an attempt which led to the loss of two-thirds of Mittica's men, who had no idea of making war. "They had gone into the country to rob." Mittica himself followed their example, and abandoned the Spaniard, who was foolish enough to think of making war.

I propose to give some of the incidents of this march. On the 25th of September, at Espinarvo, he encountered a peasant driving some mules loaded with lumber. The peasant seemed very friendly, and Borjès gave him some money to buy provisions to be delivered the next day.

The Calabrian proved too sharp for the Spaniard.

"Instead of the bread and wine for which I had paid him a high price, he sent the Piedmontese after us."

On the 27th, after forty-eight hours of almost incessant marching and counter-marching to avoid the national guards who were thronging the country all around him, he makes this entry:—

"Towards five o'clock, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, I found myself on a little mountain called Castagna di Macchia. I was full of trouble and perplexity, no longer knowing what to do. But Providence, who always watches over his children, doubtless in answer to the prayers of the Blessed Virgin, sent a shepherd to me, who gave us food and lodging. If Heaven had refused me this favour I should have been lost. As soon as we entered the hut of this peasant (and it is worthy of note that this was the first time we had slept under shelter) a terrible storm broke over us. The rain fell in torrents all night; but we, instead of sinking under the

weight of our weariness, ate and slept delightfully, thanking God with all our hearts for the blessings bestowed upon us."

On the 28th, he writes:—

"A piece of great good fortune! They have brought us some boiled potatoes."

On the 29th:—

"I encountered ten men, who saluted me respectfully, and joined my ranks. We marched towards Roce; but the men who had joined me gradually disappeared like vapour."

On the 30th:—

"I am destitute of shoes, and my feet are ruined, as are those of my officers. Not knowing how to extricate myself from this difficulty, I address myself to some peasants. They, seeing our miserable plight, go off in different directions, and return with shoes. I try a pair which does not fit me. I then take another, which weighs six pounds. The rest I distribute to my men. We pay an enormous price for them."

"*Oct.* 1*st.*—A great novelty. We have white bread, bacon, tomatoes, onions, and a small glass of wine—a very rare thing here."

He is now in the neighbourhood of the Sila, noted for brigandage in 1810. He says :—

"The proprietors of the Sila are anti-royalist, because, if the king were on the throne, they would not be permitted to reign as despots over their vassals. I know that Roce and Castiglione are excellent places, and that we can count upon their inhabitants."

One of the golden promises held out by the Bourbons in all their reactions has been that the few rich should be oppressed, and the many poor emancipated from oppression. The promise has been fulfilled by allowing the idle and profligate to rob with impunity.

It is the theory of reaction that the Calabrias are held in subjection by Piedmontese bayonets. This was surely not the case in the time of Borjès, for he says, under date of the 2nd of October :—

"I know that there are no disposable troops in the city of Cosenza. Yesterday they employed some peasants to mount guard. A general died there, and they were not able to get fifty soldiers together as an escort at the funeral. . . . . I have

found everywhere an affection for the monarchical system which amounts to a fanaticism; but, unfortunately, it is accompanied by a fear which paralyzes it. Yet I believe that if two thousand men could be landed at four points—that is to say, five hundred each in the provinces of Catanzaro, Reggio, and Cosenza, and the rest in the Abruzzi—the Piedmontese domination might be destroyed, since all the people would rise as one man. The rich are very bad everywhere, and much detested by the masses."

Borjès was fast being undeceived. The people had met him with loaded muskets; peasants were mounting guard at Cosenza. Still, he trusts the good words of the shepherds who sell him provisions at enormous prices, and of the Bourbonists who meet him by stealth on the mountains, to tell him what might be done with two thousand men. On the same day he writes:—

"I have not been able, with all my spies, to find a royalist band in all this country." In other words, except a few indigenous brigand bands, who shunned Borjès, the Calabrias were in profound peace.

The next day Borjès halts to wait for eight men who "had murdered a national guard and a very bad priest." It is scarcely necessary to say that this Spaniard devoutly believed that a liberal priest was, of necessity, a very bad priest. The eight men did not come.

On the 4th, we have this consoling note:—

"From my encampment I see the country seats of the barons Collici and Cozzolino in flames. They are very bad men in politics, since the second gave sixty thousand ducats to the revolutionists, and the first a large sum, but I do not know the precise amount."

The same day he is informed that some reactionists have landed at Rossano. It is the land of rumour. Borjès knew the folly of this report, and writes sadly, "It is an illusion."

On the 5th, a brigand chief, named Boccaro, visited Borjès, who had sent for him, "to see whether anything could be done in a royalist sense. His reply, like that of all others, was negative, 'Let the king come with a small force, and the country will rise as one man. Without that, there is nothing to hope.' I am of their

opinion. This people wishes its autonomy and its king, but the fear of seeing their houses burned, their wives and children imprisoned, restrains the men. If they knew their strength this would not happen. It is a misfortune that this people is the most sober and patient in the world. It is as weak in spirit as it is strong in body. If I had landed three weeks sooner, I should have found one thousand and sixty-seven men and two hundred horses at Corillone, and I should have been able to show them their strength, and to moralize them. Unluckily, at my arrival, they had been disbanded for seventeen days, having given themselves up to the enemy. Some of them were enrolled in the ranks of the guard mobile. The time which I lost at Marseilles and Malta greatly damaged the good cause. I wander by chance, and this circumstance takes away the glory which would have made the felicity of my life."

Alas! poor Borjès. We must write under your bright picture of what might have been, your own comment on the report of royalists landing at Rossano—"It was an *illusion*."

Here is a glimpse at the inside of Calabrian life:—

"*Oct.* 7.—Some peasants pass along the edge of the wood where we are. I order them to be questioned, and learn from the report of their answers, that they are going to take some money to eight brigands concealed in the valley of Macchia."

Whether the money was for ransoms or contributions does not appear. Nor do the brigands seem to have courted the company of the Spaniards.

All this time the national guards were constantly surrounding Borjès, who eluded them by forced marches along the mountain heights. For example, during the night of the 7th and 8th of October, he marched thirty miles. By these rapid movements, he passed out of the districts whose militia had been called under arms, and, before those of the new ones into which he entered could be collected, he had again crossed a frontier. The favour which the peasants and shepherds, by traditional instinct, show to the enemy of "the court," helped him to information regarding all the movements of the troops, and supplied him with the means of sending his

enemies to the wrong side of a mountain, or by the wrong road along its crest. But all this was terribly exhausting. On the 9th of October Borjès writes:—

"I have never suffered so much physically and morally; physically, from my bleeding feet; morally, from the misfortunes which fall upon us all, on account of our unfavourable circumstances. Marching and leaping these innumerable ditches, some of them very deep, one falls with his arms and baggage, loses his gun, and must fish it up again, or his bayonet, and must abandon it. One with his feet ruined, throws himself upon the ground and invokes death. Another takes off his shoes hoping to march with less pain upon his naked feet. A third puts his gun on his back and takes two sticks to support his wearied limbs. I suffer as much as they, but my mind is not discouraged. I try to communicate to them my own courage, and I remind them of the enterprises of great men who have made campaigns before us. This inspires them with new ardour, and they work prodigies. He who cannot walk drags himself onward as best he can. In such plight

we force ourselves along without bread or water, but also without a murmur."

On the 11th of October the Spaniards crossed the boundary between Calabria and the Basilicata. They had spent a month in the land which they had come "to rescue from the grasp of an usurper." They had been hunted from rock to rock, from mountain to mountain, and left it as they entered it without a single partisan in the ranks of General Clary's imaginary army.

Borjès had a quick and penetrating intelligence. He travelled in Calabria as no foreigner ever travelled there before, and his observations may be considered notes of a tour in a country almost as little known as the lands about the head waters of the Nile. Before leaving Calabria, he makes the following "general observations," which are marked by an extraordinary insight into the social condition of the high valleys of the Appennines:—

"I have noticed that the mountains which I have travelled are susceptible of great improvement in their intrinsic wealth, and my hasty observations lead me to suggest this plan.

"1. Construct a system of highways which shall open the sides of the mountains to the sea, and to the cultivated districts in the interior.

"2. On the summits place stations of guards, ten men to each, extending a line along the whole mountain range.

"From this plan, the following results might be expected to flow:—

"1. That there would no longer be hiding places for robbers, whom it is now impossible to capture, and who are *the scourge, not only of these mountains, but of the neighbouring valleys and plains.*

"2. The timber, which is of no value for want of communications, would cease to be worthless; and, since the transportation of it to the sea would cost little, all these woods would become a mine of inexhaustible wealth for the country at large, and especially for the public treasury. On the lateral highways it would be necessary to place, in cantonments, at two hours' distance from one to the other, stations of *gens-d'armes* to serve as postal agents and to exercise a surveillance over the country. The stations on

the summits of the mountains would need to be shut up in the winter. The soldiers would be then stationed at places below the line of snow-fall, and in this way no peace would be given to the robbers till they had disappeared.

"These improvements, which would not involve much expense, would increase the population, the herds, the grain, hay, oats and potatoes. Fuel would be supplied in great abundance for those markets where it is in great demand.*

"I have noticed, also, that the mountains not wooded, contain minerals of every kind, and, as they are not destitute of streams which bathe their sides, mines might be opened and worked to great profit."

On the 12th of October, Borjès makes this melancholy entry in his journal:—

"Six A.M. We reached the mountains of Silfera, in the neighbourhood of San Giorgio, at two this morning, after marching ten and a half hours over detestable roads. Yesterday we had no bread and had to march fasting. I begin to

* Wood costs about one penny per pound in Turin.

despair of reaching Rome. Our strength is decreasing, and my misfortunes increase. The most robust constitutions give way under our fare and labour. We have little food, and that little is almost always of poor quality, and we get only water to drink. Still, I shall continue to march as long as I can; but if God wills that I succumb, I shall consign these notes to Capdeville with instructions to send them to General Clary or to Scilla. If Capdeville should die, he will consign the notes to Major Landet, with the same instructions. I am anxious that these writings of mine may reach the hands of his Majesty, in order that he may know that I die without regretting a life lost in serving the cause of legitimacy."

On the 13th the Spaniards are attacked by the national guards. Borjès is at first at a loss to account for the attack; but presently remembers that he has given five piastres to a shepherd with instructions to bring him some shoes. The peasant had put the money in his pocket, and hastened to inform the national guard of Rotondella. By dint of forced night marches, the

Spaniards succeed in eluding the grasp of these troops.

On the 15th Borjès is again betrayed by some peasants with whom he has taken shelter. The peasants disappear in the night, and return in the morning dripping with mud to the knees. Borjès suspects their treachery, and compels them to guide him to a place of safety. Of course the peasants find no obstacles, either natural or moral, to this mode of proceeding, and our Spaniards again escape.

To his journal for this day Borjès appends the following:—

"*Note.* The peasants are royalist here, as elsewhere, but much more degraded. The fear of being imprisoned and the thirst for gaining money lead them to commit every kind of baseness. On the 12th I was cheated out of four piastres; on the 13th they robbed me of thirty francs, which I gave them to buy shoes and other necessary articles. That same day they denounced me to the national guard of St. Angelo, and to-night they have done the same, but I don't know where."

On the 18th one of his Spaniards forsakes the cause. Borjès makes this note of the circumstance.

"Zafra intimated to me that he wished to leave us with the soldier Montieri, and I consented. The rigours of the season, the fasting, fatigue and sleeping under the open sky, are not adapted to men of soft and effeminate habits. I might have shot him, but perhaps it would have been no punishment. I shall make known his cowardice everywhere, especially in Spain, in order that he may be for ever despised."

On the 20th of October, Borjès arrives at Lagopesole, on the field of Crocco's exploits in the April preceding. This chief had successfully evaded the troops when the reaction was crushed in the Spring. As soon as the national guard and troops were dispersed, Crocco gathered a new band and resumed operations. I need not detail his career during the Summer. These raids are always the same. At Lagopesole, Borjès hears that Crocco is in the vicinity with a thousand men. The Spaniard's enthusiasm takes fire at the news. He who yesterday was drag-

ging himself along with a single hope, that of reaching Rome, dreams now of successful war. He fancies that he can *moralize* these thousand men, swell their numbers to an army, and win the fame he so ardently covets.

Unfortunately Crocco had no idea of being moralized. He treats the proud Spaniard much as Mittica had done, and their intercourse ends in much the same way.

It is worth while to translate the passages of the journal which record these operations and their results.

"*Oct.* 22.—Crocco arrives at half-past eight A.M. I show him my instructions, and he tries to exempt himself from my orders with false pretences. I fear that I shall get nothing from him, but I have not lost all hope. He tells me that we must wait the arrival of a French general who is at Potenza, and who will come to-morrow evening, and that after having heard from this officer we can decide upon something definite.

"Two P.M.—The chief goes away without telling me where he is going. He calls himself a general. I forgot to say that I proposed to take five

hundred of his infantry, and one hundred horse, telling him that with this force I could hold the open country. He replied that hunting guns are of no use in the face of an enemy.

"*Oct.* 23.—Langlois has arrived with three officers. He puts on airs as a general, and acts like an imbecile. I let him act as he thinks best, hoping that his birth will bring him back to reason; but seeing that he takes greater audacity from my silence, I call him to me, and ask him to produce his instructions. He replies that he has none in writing, and then his pride is humbled.

"Carmine Crocco, chief of this band, is at this moment very attentive, but takes no pains to assemble and organize his forces. What a misfortune that I have not five hundred men to secure prompt obedience!"

On the 25th, the band was attacked by some national guards. The contest was sharp, but the brigands were routed with some loss. On the 26th, Borjès became alarmed about Crocco.

"Langlois tells me that Crocco has received a letter from a canon, who promises a complete amnesty for the chief and his band. I cannot

understand this man, who, to tell the truth, collects a good deal of money. He seeks gold with great avidity. His silence to me is an affair of some gravity, and makes me fear that, having loaded himself with money, he may yield to the blandishments of his mistress (whom he has with him), and commit some vile action. The affair of yesterday does not lessen my suspicions. When we saw the enemy coming from two directions, he set out to meet the first party. But having marched a certain distance, he countermarched, so that, while I believed myself supported on the right, I found myself attacked from that direction. In brief, Crocco, De Langlois and the other Neapolitan officers have not heard a ball whistle. With my own men and two of Crocco's I paid the expenses of the fight, and it cost me dear.

"*Oct.* 28.—Langlois, a man who, I fear, is very much given to intrigue, tells me that yesterday he had a conference of more than two hours with Crocco, who said, 'If I permit an organization, I shall be no more of any consequence, while if I remain in these woods, I am omnipotent. No one knows this better than I, but if we enter into

the open country this will be true no longer. For the rest, my soldiers have appointed me general, and I have named the colonels, majors and other officers, who would have rank no longer if I should fall from mine. I have never been anything but a corporal, which is equal to saying that I know nothing about military affairs. Of course, then, the day that we begin to pursue a military line of policy I shall be a nobody.'"

On the next day Borjès pursues the same subject.

"Langlois tells me that he had a conversa- with the nephew of Bosco, the only person to whom Crocco confides anything. 'He pretends and wants me to tell you (Borjès) that he has a brevet title of general from his Majesty, and some written promises for the future, including a sum of money, and I know not what else.' Do Langlois says he answered that it is not possible to guarantee everything, but that the true way to do is to recognize the highest in command. Crocco and his men have stolen much money, which they wish to keep and to increase. If they see that I adhere to their plan in this re-

spect, they will consent to serve the cause of his Majesty; but otherwise they will work for themselves, as they have hitherto done."

If this is a distinction without a difference, the fault is not mine, for I translate literally.

"*Oct.* 30.—We are in the same place. At this moment there is an alarm. The people of Crocco fly like a flock of sheep. I and my officers remain, in order to make them blush, and to constrain them to more manly conduct. But it is all useless.

"Langlois comes to tell me that the father of Crocco is on intimate terms with General La Chiesa (Italian), and that the general has written a letter to Crocco, exhorting him to surrender with his band. Crocco responded, according to Langlois' account, that La Chiesa must surrender to him. The general had answered to this that if Crocco would give him six thousand ducats and thirty pieces a month he would surrender a whole province. Now that I see reaction actually in movement, I must draw from it the greatest possible profit. I have not, it is true, the ducats in question. However, I have said to Langlois,

that as soon as La Chiesa shall have delivered to us any large city, I will pay him the six thousand ducats. I have told Langlois that I doubt this story, and that Crocco has said nothing to me about it. He replies that Crocco does not speak of it because he hopes to manage it himself."

This story is a pretty little illusion. Crocco had no idea of submitting to the authority of the Spaniard, or risking his precious neck in a regular war.

"*Oct.* 31.—Crocco reads me a letter from the chief of a band who puts five hundred men at my disposal. *If he does not change his mind,* we shall join him to-night, and form the first battalion."

This, too, was an illusion. On the 2nd of November, he writes. "Nothing new except the want of rations. They tell us we shall have some at a later hour. I despair of them because it is now late. The soldiers are dying of hunger."

The next day Crocco and Borjès attacked Trivigno (about twelve miles from Potenza). After an action of two hours, the place surrendered. Borjès writes:—

"I must say with regret that the most complete disorder reigns among our men, beginning with the chiefs. Robberies, assassinations and other crimes are the fruits of this assault. My authority is nothing."

Having sacked the city the brigands beat a hasty retreat.

"*Nov.* 4.—We march towards the wood of Cognato, where we arrive at 7 A.M. I learn that Crocco, Langlois and Serraville have committed horrible outrages at Trivigno. The aristocracy of the town were concealed in the house of the syndic. These chiefs subjected them to paying ransoms. Besides, they ran through the city, threatening to burn private houses unless sums of money were paid. I asked Langlois, how much money they had collected in that place. He said the syndic gave him two hundred and eighty ducats, and that this is all he was able to get.

"*Nov.* 5.—We arrived at Garaguso (about six miles from Matera), where the curate came out to meet us with the host, asking peace, which I willingly accorded. God grant that the rest may do the same. I say nothing of what happened

after my departure, because I am full of indignation at the disorder.

"We encountered eight national guards whom we pursued to Caliciana. There we halted. Everything in the place was pillaged without distinction of royalists or liberals, with horrible atrocities. Even a woman was assassinated, as also four or five peasants.

"*Nov.* 6.—We set out to attack Salandra, but it has a garrison of one hundred Garibaldians and a detachment of Piedmontese. As soon as they discover us, they take up a strong position on the north side of the town. When we came within half rifle range, I sent forward General Forne, at the head of half a company. In spite of the steep declivity and the fire of the Piedmontese, he took possession of the strong position occupied just before by the enemy. Repulsed from this point, the enemy took up positions in the houses, and maintained for some time a vigorous resistance, but noticing that I was marching up in their rear with my column, they left the town at a sharp pace. I fell upon them, and we killed twelve, capturing their flag and

some prisoners. On our side, Serraville was wounded, but not severely, in the head. *The place was sacked.*"

Up to this pillage, the reader will have felt some sympathy for Borjès, thrown into a false position by misrepresentations, and protesting against the crimes of Crocco and Langlois. But at this point he becomes the associate and partner of robbers and assassins. Confessing that he has no power over the brutal men who acknowledge Crocco as their chief, he makes common cause with them in assaulting quiet villages, and plundering innocent people. His own hand has written his condemnation. Knowing fully the designs and the character of his companions, he had but one honourable course: to abandon the undertaking, and return to Rome. If, in that journey, he had been captured, and shot by the Italian army, without opposing any resistance, he might have been wept over as a misguided zealot harshly punished for his ignorance—perhaps as a martyr to his convictions. But from this sack of Salandra, he must be reckoned as a simple brigand, who devotes talents worthy of a more

honourable field to carry disorder into a foreign country, for a cause not his own.

On the 7th, Serraville died of his wound in the head; and, on the 8th, Crocco shot a citizen of Salandra in one of the public offices.

At Cracca, Alliano, and Astagnano, the same scenes were repeated. The priests made haste to welcome the brigands, and offer them the consolations of religion. The first object visible outside the gates of these unarmed villages was a religious procession, and the first sounds heard were the solemn chants of the church. But this did not interfere with the business for which the brigands had come.

On the 13th Borjès writes:—

"While we were distributing rations, the clergy, clothed with their sacerdotal vestments and with the cross at their head, came *to compliment us*, and to ask me to go with my officers to hear a mass."

On the 14th he says:—

"We have lodged the troops in Grasano, and the chiefs go to rob where they please."

On the 15th:—

"San Chirico. In this place there has been a little order, which has given me great pleasure."

On the 16th, Pietragalla was sacked with the usual disorders. Borjès says:—

"When the affair was finished, I took lodging, to avoid being a witness of disorders against which I am powerless, because I have no means of enforcing respect to my authority. I much fear lest Crocco, who has robbed much, may commit some treachery."

On the 17th, the band returned to the wood of Lagopesolo, from which they set out on the 20th of October. During these twenty-seven days they had pillaged fourteen villages, almost all defenceless. The band varied in numbers from four hundred to seven hundred men, and rarely encountered more than one hundred national guards at any one time. As soon as the pillage of one village was completed, the brigands moved off towards another, or plunged into the woods or mountains, to sally out again in the direction where they were least expected.

Borjès knew precisely what objects Crocco

sought in these excursions. On the 17th of November, he writes—

"Crocco is going away under the pretence of looking for bread, but really, I fear, *to hide the money and jewellery which he has stolen during this expedition.*"

On the 18th, he adds :—

"We are in the same wood without Crocco, and without bread. His conduct has been such that in three days we have lost all but three hundred and fifty of our men."

On the 19th Crocco returned, swaggering with pride, and informed Borjès that they were to attack Avigliano, a city of eighteen thousand inhabitants. Borjès protests, but the chief sets out, the indignant Spaniard going along with the rabble rather as a prisoner than as its commander. The attack on Avigliano results in a shameful defeat, and the greater part of the rank and file of the brigand army go their ways to their houses and mountain hiding-places.

The few who remain are disposed to murmur against the Spaniards. Ninco Nanco, Bosco, Donato and Langlois were all ambitious chiefs

who had committed more murders than Borjès ever dreamed of, and they could not reconcile themselves to a leader who had not earned his spurs. A sort of conference was held, Borjès was deposed from command, and Langlois elected chief. Crocco had disappeared, but the next day he returned with a few men, and distinguished himself by burning some unprotected country villas near Santa Lara. This place made so stout a resistance that the brigands were forced to retire with considerable loss. On the 23rd, the band moved towards Balvano. On the way they fell in with a few national guards who handled them very roughly. Borjès heard the firing in front, and rode forward to discover the cause. Half way he met Crocco and Ninco Nanco putting spurs to their horses for the rear. Langlois was found ensconced in a safe place, and all the rest were providing for their personal safety with such means as nature had given them. They seem to have succeeded in this, and after a detour, pursued their march to Balvano. Here they were received with illuminations and shouts for Francis II. However, the priests and na-

tional guard shut themselves up in the castle, and enforced order by their guns, which commanded the streets.

On the 24th the inhabitants of Ricigliano came out to meet the brigands with olive branches. Now look on the other side of the picture.

"Eleven P. M. The most unheard of disorders have occurred in this town. I do not wish to give the particulars, so horrible are they in every respect."

In the following six days of November, the brigand force dwindled away. The chiefs Crocco, Langlois, Donato, and Ninco Nanco went off with their companions, while Borjès, with twenty-four followers, composed of the remnant of his Spanish officers and a few Neapolitans, set out for Rome.

This retreat was an undertaking of more difficulty than the Spaniard had once thought the restoration of Francis II. The winter was approaching, and the mountain ranges on which he was obliged to travel were drenched with rains or covered with snow. The natural obstacles checked the pursuit of the Italian troops, who lost all trace of him, and for several days it was

believed that he had been frozen in the snows or drowned in the torrents. On the 4th of December he descended to the plain, in the province of the Terra di Lavoro, and was discovered by a small detachment of troops. Had it been June, he might have pursued the mountain by-paths, and gained the frontier, but in December a more terrible enemy than the Piedmontese was encamped on these Appennines. An imperious necessity compelled him to strike into the highway leading towards Avezzano.

Approaching within two miles of this place, he moved around it through the villages of Cappelle and Scurgola. He passed through this last village at ten o'clock in the evening. In front of the guard-house he was hailed by the sentinel, "Who goes there?" "Friends," was the frank reply, and the sentinel permitted them to pass.

He moved on to Tagliacozzo in the evening of the 7th, and there being questioned by a soldier, said that he and his men were chestnut gatherers going to Santa Maria. This artifice also succeeded, and Borjès believed himself

entirely safe. He had passed the last Italian village. He was within five hours of the promised land. In this sense of security, he halted at a dairy-house to give his wearied and starving men a little refreshment and repose.

But as I have said, he had been discovered when he entered the plain on the 4th, and all the detachments along the frontier had been put in motion to cut off his retreat. A detachment of riflemen under Major Franchini discovered his hiding-place on the morning of the 8th, and Borjès was awakened from his dreams by a summons to surrender.

He refused, and made a desperate resistance. After a combat of an hour, Major Franchini renewed his summons with a threat that he would burn the dairy house, in case of refusal. Borjès still refused to surrender, and the Major, wishing to spare the lives of his riflemen, set fire to the building. Then the brigands surrendered at discretion.

Borjès refused to deliver his sword to any one but Major Franchini, and when that officer came up to receive it, he said, "Well done, young Major."

The prisoners were conducted to Tagliacozzo. On the way Borjès said to Lieutenant Staderini—

"I was going to Rome to say to Francis II. that he has only miserable wretches and scoundrels to defend his cause, that Crocco is a bragadocio (*sacripante*), and Langlois a brute."

However, he maintained to the last that the cause of Italy was bad, and that of Francis II. just and righteous.

In the same conversation he added :—

"You may thank God that I delayed my march an hour too long this morning. I should otherwise have gained the Roman States, and returned with new bands to dismember the kingdom of Victor Emanuel."

At Tagliacozzo, the prisoners were subjected to a brief examination, and condemned to be shot as brigands captured while opposing armed resistance to the Government.

Borjès said to his men—

"Our last hour has come; let us die like brave men."

He then embraced his compatriots, begged the riflemen to take good aim, and placed him-

self upon his knees among his companions, intoning a litany in the Spanish language. His comrades took up the chorus, which was broken by the balls of the soldiers.

The execution of Borjès has been blamed even by some of the friends of Italy. His character, so far superior to that of the vulgar crowd of assassins who waste these provinces, and his sincere devotion to legitimacy, have been thought to entitle him to a less summary treatment. It is enough to reply that there can be no aristocracy in crime. If the humblest assassin, caught making armed resistance to law, deserves a summary death—Borjès more; for, as I have shown from his own words, he joined in brigandage when his eyes were open to all its enormities, and while his conscience protested against them.

Punishments aim at the prevention of crime. Making war on unarmed people must be punished in the most summary mode; for only by swift and relentless vengeance can human justice afford protection to innocence and helplessness. The brigands know well that surrendering without

resistance, they acquire the right to a judicial investigation, with all the safeguards of equal and just laws, while armed resistance is punished with death. This knowledge saves bloodshed and protects the brave soldiers who make this horrible war in the spirit of patriotism and duty.

The party of reaction has chanted its martyr requiems over Borjès. They do well for their cause; but in justice to the conscience of mankind, let them mingle much penitence with their prayers for his departed spirit. Their hands murdered him.

The failure of this expedition is a splendid testimony to the stability of Italy in the south. Borjès saw everything through the glass of legitimacy, but even he confessed that all the intelligent classes were against him. He found a portion of the peasantry addicted to brigandage, and thirsting to lay their hands on the property of their more fortunate neighbours. He found many of the priests ready to use pillage and murder as a means of furthering the projects of Rome. But he also found the cultivated classes

and the property holders loyal to United Italy; and the militia of the districts through which he passed testified their devotion to Victor Emanuel by incessant activity in the chase of the deluded Spaniard.

CHAPTER V.

CHIAVONE, 1861—62.

Chiavone a disgraced Bourbon soldier and a professional scoundrel—Field of his operations—His mistress—His operations in May, 1861—Pillage of Monticelli, Pico, Pastena—His magnanimous offer to Italian troops—The affair on Mont St. Angelo—The frontier—The brave soldiers of Isoletta—Pillage of San Giovanni in Carico—The Belgian Marquis Trazègnies—His execution—Priest Bryan and the Italian captain—Chiavone wounded—One of his retreats—Domenico Coja, surnamed Centrillo—Basile—The bloody Cuccitto—Assassinates his adopted father—An uncanonical relic—A letter—Cuccitto's natural fortress—Brigand police system—A difficult military problem—The eighteen soldiers who were surprised—Two bites from one cherry—General Govone succeeds in driving Cuccitto into the Papal States—Conte—How he became a brigand—New wounds—A horrible assassination—Arrest of Conte by the French—Victor Emanuel's political prisoners—The brigands rob on the wrong side of the frontier—The siege of Luco—The chief Angelo Maccarone—His hiding places—A new problem for General Govone—How it was solved—Kalkreuth, or Count Edwin, in search of emotions—The two soldiers—How they arrested Kalkreuth.

THE great leader at the Papal frontier was Chiavone. He had been a soldier in the Bourbon

army, and had been drummed out of it, strangely enough, for infamous conduct. Then he took up the trade of a chevalier of industry, or, to avoid all euphemism, that of a professional scoundrel. In this calling, he rose until he was able to attract the attention of Ferdinand II., and was appointed a guardaboschi (keeper of the woods) in the vicinity of Sora, his native town. He was the terror of all unprotected people, over whom he reigned in the style of his master.

Bishop Montieri recognized his value, and sent him on the road to fame in the first attempts at reaction. After the fall of Gaeta and the signal failures of Lagrange and Giorgi, the former disappeared, and Giorgi's last retreat carried him to Malta. Chiavone became, through a series of promotions, Generalissimo of the forces of his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies. He was almost wholly illiterate, but had a passion for writing despatches, proclamations, orders for supplies, and receipts for ransoms. His own productions in this line are not intelligible in the original, and are of course too deep for translation.

Chiavone confined his operations to the frontier, beyond which he never advanced ten miles; yet he always dated his proclamations from places occupied by the Italian troops. He pursued his calling as a business, and numberless complaints have been made that he swindled his master, starved his followers, and kept for himself all the money sent from Rome and all that came into his hands from ransoms and contributions.

One of his many love-intrigues was with a widow, Olimpia Crocco, of Scifelli. At her house he reposed after the toils of the camp and foray; and here it is supposed he concealed his accumulating ducats.

At the beginning of May, 1861, by the aid of money received in Rome and his reputation for brutality, he had collected a band of two hundred men, made up of the vilest and most desperate rogues of the frontier. His mustering place was in the woods of Castro, from which point he advanced on the 3rd of May, to Monticelli, near Fondi, an unprotected village of about a thousand inhabitants. He killed the syndic, burned the pictures of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi,

opened the jail, and destroyed the criminal records, which contained inconvenient memoirs of several persons in his service. He robbed alike from liberals and Bourbonists, taking all the money he could find.

At this period, the Italian troops had begun to arrive on the frontier. Chiavone heard that some companies of the first regiment of infantry were marching from Fondi and Gaeta. He made all haste to pack up his treasures and retire. In his retreat he passed through Pastena and Pico, where he repeated the scenes of Monticelli. The poor peasants, deceived by false news of great successes for the Bourbon cause, aided in these demonstrations. Everywhere Chiavone coolly changed the government amid the vivas of deluded crowds, and then quietly marched off with his booty. The next day the Italian troops came up, and were received with rapturous applause.

Chiavone retired to the frontier, and confined himself for some time to more modest incursions, directed against hamlets which are unmarked on ordinary maps. His character is illustrated by

this incident. On the 27th of May he sent a messenger to summon a small detachment of Italian troops to surrender, chivalrously offering them their lives and a safe conduct to Turin. The soldiers drew out a small cannon. Chiavone took to his heels, and gained the Papal territory without halting to renew his generous offer.

Chiavone was hardly a brigand; he lacked the courage and audacity of a bandit. He was simply a robber, who signed magniloquent proclamations as "General of all the forces of his Majesty, the King of the Two Sicilies." The frontier was his only safety. The Italian troops came up to it and stopped, out of breath and biting their lips with rage. Chiavone kept himself informed of the movements of Italian troops, and as soon as they abandoned a village, he pounced upon it, repeated the scenes already described at Monticelli, and made off on a run for the States of Pius IX. These incursions and foot races make up the principal part of the campaign of 1861.

There are two or three episodes more warlike,

in one of which, by some accident, Chiavone got entangled and was wounded.

Shortly after the magnanimous offer just mentioned, the band of Chiavone made an incursion towards Balsorano, and crossed the Liri. Finding that the troops were notified of the movement and close at their heels, they turned back and attempted to regain the frontier. A detachment of the forty-fourth infantry, inferior in numbers to the brigands, attacking them in the middle of a dark and stormy night, killed seven of their number. The brigands fled as fast as possible with the Italian bayonets close to their loins, leaving a bloody track made by their wounded. They gained the frontier; but it was known that about fifty wounded brigands were sent next day to Monte San Giovanni by the Papal authorities. Chiavone, who had not shared in this triumphal retreat, made haste to visit Rome and sing the praises of — Chiavone. The Italians had a sergeant killed and a corporal wounded in this skirmish.

In July, the band, reinforced to three hundred and fifty men, recrossed the frontier and in-

trenched themselves on Mont St. Angelo. The Italian troops, under Colonel Lopez, attacked them without delay. The brigands retired from rock to rock until they reached a breastwork of stone and earth, which they had constructed with some care. Here something like a battle occurred. The troops gallantly carried the wall at the point of the bayonet, and drove back the band to the inevitable frontier. The brigands left seventeen dead on the field, and two were found in the pursuit. They carried off their wounded. The Italians did not lose a man. A captain was slightly wounded. Chiavone took no part in this affair, but as usual hurried to Rome to report a victory. His fame has been produced by his admirable skill in blowing his own horn.

The usual course of events was not interrupted till November. On the eleventh of that month, four or five hundred brigands attacked eighteen men who were guarding Castello d'Isoletta, near San Giovanni in Carico. The soldiers fought until the brigands gained admission to the castle. Then they made a path through them with their bayonets, and escaped with

the loss of eight brave fellows killed in the conflict.*

Emboldened by this feat of arms, the brigands advanced to San Giovanni in Carico, and began a general pillage and massacre. The troops closed in upon them, drove them from house to house, from rock to rock, to the frontier. Fifty-seven dead bodies were picked up by the soldiers. One of the chiefs, the Marquis Trazègnies, was captured with arms in his hands, and shot. The loss of the national troops was only one killed and four wounded.

This Trazègnies was a Belgian of noble birth and related to several noble families. His presence among this gang of robbers can be explained only by the disciples of Ignatius Loyola. He was about thirty years of age, and of fine personal appearance. His portfolio contained some literary and scientific notes written with his own hand, some dunning epistles from creditors at

* One of these heroes lost his life to save a flag from falling into the hands of the brigands. He rescued it, wrapped it about him, and attempted to join his companions. The brigands discharged a volley of musketry upon him, and he fell. He was afterwards found, and buried in the folds of the tricoloured banner.

Brussels, a touchingly sweet letter from his sister, a lock of her hair, and her photograph. Other papers showed that he had served creditably as a captain in the Belgian army; and an unfinished letter to his sister stated that he was employed in a regular army, and was well pleased with his position. His talents and natural goodness of character had been clouded by a passion for gaming and the society of dissolute women. In these follies he had wasted his fortune. In the pillage of Giovanni in Carico, he participated, breaking furniture with his own hands, and was captured in the thick of the affray. When told that he must prepare to undergo the penalty which the law assigned for all brigands caught with arms in their hands, he protested that a man of his birth could not be shot like a dog, that the Italian officers would not dare to execute the sentence. He did not know with what resolute men he had to deal, and to the last believed that he would escape punishment. Led out to execution, and placed with his face to a wall, he turned to speak to the soldiers and, in the act, a ball entered his brain.

Fifteen days after he was shot, a French deputation came to request his body in order to deliver it to his friends. Orders were given to comply with the request, and a priest named Bryan, who had enlisted the young marquis in this horrible service, came to superintend the removal of the corpse.

Bryan was greatly offended when he found that Trazègnies had been buried with some of his brigand companions. The Italian captain, who had conducted the execution and was present to represent the Italian authority at the disinterment, replied, that, "It was not possible to honour Trazègnies more than to give him in death the same companions he had chosen when alive."

The priest was silent a moment, and then added with resignation—

"He was a good christian."

The Italian captain replied—

"I do not believe the christian religion taught him to make war on unarmed people, to burn and pillage towns at the head of a rabble, for a cause not his own. Still, I am willing to believe

the religious principles of the unhappy man whose corpse lies here were good and pure; but then it must follow that he was *deceived* and betrayed by the *perfidious counsels of more perfidious friends.*"

We return to Chiavone. The French troops prevented a portion of the band, including Chiavone himself, from crossing the frontier. The incident led to his ruin. He was not able to run to Rome with the story of a great victory, but was obliged to seek shelter in the mountains between Pico and Pastena. New Italian troops came up from Gaeta, and Chiavone shifted his position by night to Mount Magno, between Fondi and the frontier.

A general attack was combined by the eleventh and fourth infantry, with the twenty-ninth bersaglieri (riflemen), and a section of mountain artillery. The brigands thought themselves secure upon the high elevation which they had gained, and braved for some time the assault. But when the head of a column reached the summit, and two pieces of artillery opened fire, they began to see the matter in a new light, and,

without waiting for parley took to their heels. Thanks to their better acquaintance with the country, they were able to outstrip the troops and reached the Papal territory. This time they found no obstacle, and crossed over into the land of refuge. They left eight killed on the mountain, several others were found on the line of their retreat, and bloody traces along the whole route showed that they were bearing away wounded. Chiavone himself was wounded in the shoulder. The Papal authorities, with their customary humanity, did their utmost to provide for the wounded, and Chiavone found a nurse in his mistress, the widow Olimpia, Crocco at Scifelli.

Here he rested for the winter. His followers ate the broth of the friars at Casamari, or the sweeter food of his Holiness at Veroli.

The French troops made one general search for brigands, by concert with the Italian General Govone; but the brigands were notified in time by Papal agents and got out of the way. Chiavone was not so fortunate. He was surprised in the house and bed of his mistress. His genius for retreats was equal to the emergency. He

leapt out of a window, fled in his shirt across the border, and spent a night on Mount St. Elia.

This is believed to have been Chiavone's last personal exploit. It is to be hoped that when an iliad is written in his praise, this daring adventure will not be forgotten.

Domenico Coja, surnamed Centrillo, an ex-Bourbon soldier, had been for some time robbing in the Mainarde mountains, at the head of about thirty men. He was a brigand *sui generis*. He neither assassinated nor burned; took what people were willing to give, or drove his bargains for ransoms without displaying his pistols. He entered one day into his native village, collected all the guns he could find and part of the funds of the commune (the cashier was afterwards put on trial, charged with having given the money before he was asked), and gave his receipts for everything. He went into the council-chamber of the municipality, and took off his hat to the portrait of Victor Emanuel, and would not permit any of his followers to touch it. Then he called his old friends, held carnival for two hours, and retired to his mountain den. This is

a specimen of his exploits. In September, a detachment of troops fell upon him, and chased him across the border, inflicting some loss in the hot pursuit. He has not figured in brigandage since that period.

While Chiavone was making his incursions on the frontier, the band of Basile, numbering about one hundred and fifty men, many of whom were mounted, assailed on the 19th of August San Pietro Infine, a village about eight miles from San Germano. The town was destitute of troops, and the inhabitants fled at the approach of the brigands. They set on fire the houses of the syndic, of the captain of the national guard, and that of the arch-priest. They would have burned the entire place, but that the syndic, who was in the country, returning towards home in the evening, saw the flames, suspected the cause, and hastened to call the troops at San Germano. The officer in command at this city had only thirty-six men fit for duty. These were despatched at once, and reached the village soon after midnight. The brigands were pillaging from house to house, and making high festival around the

flames. The soldiers came up, discharged their muskets, and charged with the bayonet. The brigands took to their heels and fled in every direction. One remained dead on the public square. The traces of blood, and information received from the houses in the country, proved that they carried away several wounded. The band was never re-organized; but squads of robbers continued to infest the Mainarde mountains for two months. They confined their operations to stealing cattle from the farms and sheep from the shepherds, on the slopes of the Mainarde. Finally, a detachment of the same troops who had routed them at San Pietro, encountered a considerable number of them in the mountains, and dispersed them, killing their leader and a certain Fucillo. Finding the Mainarde unsafe, and too far from the frontier, the remnant of the brigands skulked off to the headquarters of Chiavone.

In the affair at San Pietro Infine, Corctti, a lieutenant of Basile, was captured. He was an ex-Bourbon soldier of a good deal of spirit, and seems to have turned it all to an intense anti-

pathy to the Italian troops, whom, as do his superiors, he called Piedmontese. He was condemned and shot on the 24th of August.

As an illustration of his character it is stated, that when the officer superintending the execution ordered his eyes to be bandaged, he refused the office, saying—

"I have shot more than fifteen Piedmontese without taking any such precaution."

Francesco Piazza, or Cuccitto, had been picked out of the street and brought up by the brothers Spina, one of whom was, in 1861, syndic of the commune of Mola, now Formia, in the Terra di Lavoro. Cuccitto threw himself into the mountains, collected about twenty-five men and began to plunder, from pretended love to the old *regime*. His benefactor, the syndic, who was devoted to the Italian cause, made several efforts to induce Cuccitto to abandon his brigand life. Finally, the brigand pretended to be penitent, and professed his anxiety to see his old master privately, in order to discuss the means of securing his pardon from the government. He sent a safe-conduct, and a request

that Spina should meet him at a certain time and place. The good syndic, thinking only of his affection for a young man whom he had loved as a son, went to the appointed place without the least hesitation. He was going into the wilderness for a lost sheep, little dreaming that he had reared a wolf.

At the appointed place, he was received by two brigands and conducted to their chief, who, after a brief conversation, ordered him to be bound and conducted into the mountains.

For several days the family of Spina remained in great affliction and uncertainty. Their agonies of suspense were more painful than death. Would a large ransom secure his safety? Was he already dead? The most contradictory rumours circulated for several days, ending at last in the painful certainty that Spina had been sacrificed to the fury of the Bourbon committee at Rome, by the hands of one whom he had cherished as his own child.

The brutal murderer, in order to satisfy his employers and get the price of his infamy, cut off the chin, with its long grey beard, from his vic-

tim, and carried it to Rome, where he exhibited it to many persons.

The murdered man had a brother in Frosinone (Papal), Superior in the convent of friars called *Sangue Sparso*. This brother, when he heard of the capture, knowing the character of that brigandage which his spiritual brethren bless, instantly addressed himself to Chiavone. The braggart generalissimo wrote to the chief of Cuccitto, a certain Gallozzi notorious for his intimate relations with the Papal troops.

The appeal came too late; Spina had already been murdered. The friar received this consoling account of his brother's death, addressed by Gallozzi to Chiavone:—

Most Respected Don Luigi,

Francis Spina, syndic and commissary in the commune of Mola, was beheaded, and his chin-beard carried to Rome by Cuccitto, *alias* Francis Piazza. *In my opinion the said Cuccitto did well,* and has rendered us a service in taking the life of a noted revolutionist and enemy of our king. This syndic had tried to induce Cuccitto to form a

band in order to destroy us, and even to kill you; but Cuccitto, instead of joining in this treason, killed Spina. In this he has, as I hold, only performed a sacred duty.

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

Dec. 16th, 1861. GIUSEPPE GALLOZZI.

Twenty days after the disappearance of Spina, a wasted corpse, with the head severed, was found in a desolate pass of those mountains. One shoulder was broken; and horrid gashes and bruises showed that the last hours of the victim had been full of pain. The chin had been scalped. A number of physicians examined this body, and were unanimously of the opinion that it was that of Francesco Spina.

Nor is this all. A captain in the Italian army, who has a character to lose, declares that the chin of Spina is kept in a hospital at Terracina (devoted to the care of brigands wounded by Italian lead), and exhibited as a trophy to all devotees of the sacred cause of the true Church and King.

Having accomplished his special mission at

Rome, Cuccitto rejoined his band, and selected as the field of his operations the mountains of Roccaguglielma. This generic name is given to a rocky, rough, mountainous region, very difficult of access, and in part covered with dense woods, which lies between the Garigliano and a line running through Traetto and Itri to Pontecorvo. In the most savage portions of this solitude, Cuccitto and twenty-five or thirty highwaymen managed to live as securely as honest men in walled cities. On the summits, his videttes kept constant guard and informed him of all the movements of troops. When closely pursued, he fled to one of the numerous caverns approached by intricate labyrinths and having openings on opposite sides of the mountain. In this wild region, he was able to command the peasants, who furnished him with information, clothing and powder.

The destruction of this dangerous bandit, so securely intrenched in one of nature's castles, was one of the most difficult undertakings ever assigned to an army. It was a problem in which numbers,

discipline, artillery and military science counted for nothing.

The soldiers began by making general perlustrations enclosing the whole region, moving their lines by day, and sleeping upon their arms by night, with a cordon of sentinels posted within ten paces of each other. They reached the summit after toilsome climbing, to confront each other with blank amazement. Not a brigand had been found. The reports were unanimous. All had found the mountain-sides as peaceful as the garden of Eden. The few shepherds and peasants whom they had encountered on the march, said they had seen no brigands, and seemed as innocent as the first human pair.

The troops returned to their stations; but had hardly reached them, before news came, from a hundred points, that the brigands had issued from these mountains on the very heels of the troops, robbed, pillaged and put to ransom the inoffensive inhabitants of the valleys. Strange conspiracy of history and circumstances, of things and men! The people knew it would end just so. "Yesterday the troops were on the moun-

tains; to-night the brigands will rob us in the valley." And it frequently happened that the same men, who, under the mortal fear which this brutal power produced, lied to the troops in the day-time were plundered and murdered by the brigands at night.

The police system of the brigands is a model for despotism. The troops meet a peasant and inquire:—

"Where are the brigands?"

The peasant shrugs his shoulders, lifts his eyes to heaven, pushes out his under lip with an indescribable expression of simplicity, and replies,

"*Non saccio.*" (I don't know.)

Half an hour afterwards the brigands encounter the same peasant.

"Where are the soldiers?"

If he were to answer, "*Non saccio,*" they would shoot him on the spot. He does no such thing. He takes care to be precise and accurate in the minutest detail; for if his information prove incorrect by the breadth of a hair, his life is in peril.

Cuccitto was snapping his fingers at General

Govone, and redoubling his expeditions with every attempt to capture him. It is still more curious that the troops often heard by the merest accident of his performances. A man had lost fifty cattle, but he had no idea where they were, he had seen no brigands, had not missed his cattle till that moment. His son had been captured, and he had swift-footed and nimble-tongued negotiations on the track of the brigands; but he could not tell where his son was; probably out for a hunt, would doubtless return to-morrow. Lies, subterfuges, subtilties, to conceal that for which his heart is bleeding with torturing agony.

You blame these mountaineers! Know, then, that civilized men of another race do the same things. A French engineer, engaged on the drainage of Lake Fucino—that great undertaking which links Victor Emanuel to Julius Cæsar—gave false information to the soldiers and true information to brigands, for precisely the same reasons that influenced the peasants. The brigands punished treachery; the troops had a wall of law, civilization and diplomacy between them and the just punishment of his falsehood and truculency.

The troops wearied themselves with fruitless marches in the hot sun, were wasted by diseases contracted in the icy air of the nights. The people complained, "We are not protected. The troops are idle. The officers are inefficient." Cuccitto drank his wine, read his newspaper from Naples or Rome and smoked his Cavour cigars, grinning sardonically, in his secure covert furnished with all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life.

A new expedient was adopted. "The brigands dress precisely like the peasants. What if the innocent-looking fellows we encountered on the last march were, some of them, the very devils we were seeking?"

The soldiers were ordered on their next perlustration to arrest every man they found, and conduct him to the various local authorities. The order was executed. More than a hundred persons were arrested and conducted to the various syndics. Not a brigand in the whole number! Every man was accounted for; he was known to be a peaceable citizen, was not even suspected of irregular habits. These hundred men were all as

pure as Adam before the Fall. Such a stock of virtues was never before collected by an army.

General Govone believed as much as was necessary of this nonsense, bit his lips with vexation, and tried something else with no better success.

The band grew in numbers and in audacity. That led to its ruin.

A squad of eighteen men, making one of these fruitless marches, slept one night near a cavern. The poor fellows were half dead with fatigue, and dropped down without posting a sentinel. The place was a desert, and no one could keep his eyes open. Cuccitto knew all about them. Suddenly he surrounded and waked them from their pleasant dreams with a volley of musketry.

Waking from sleep in the midst of a battle, in a wilderness above the clouds, they lost their presence of mind, and undertook to retreat. The brigands poured upon them a shower of stones. The soldiers set off on a run. The brigands pursued, wounded some, captured six. The rest got into the valley, humbled, mortified, disgraced in

the eyes of the nation. But who could blame them?

Cuccitto had won a victory. He must go to Rome to celebrate it. Whether the brigands have heard of Roman triumphs, I cannot presume to say, but they are as ambitious of them as ever was Marius or Sylla.

Cuccitto had another problem to solve, and it required all the wisdom of Rome to solve it. He had six Italian soldiers. The question was how to get the greatest amount of good to the cause out of these captives. The shooting of six poor fellows would not attract the admiration of Europe; and as for terrifying the soldiers of the Italian army by that process, even stupid old Montieri knew that such an execution would stir the wrath of the Piedmontese lion.

A very pretty solution was reached. Cuccitto took his prisoners across the frontier. The next step was to get them into the hands of the Papal police. It was not easy to do it satisfactorily. A great noise was to be made about the matter; every reaction trumpet in Europe was being tuned up to the preconcerted pitch. But if the brigands

handed the prisoners over to the Papal police in open day the liberals would find it out, and pick a flaw in the achievement. This difficulty was gotten over. Cuccitto took his prisoners to a preconcerted spot, and generously released them. The police picked them up, ten minutes after, as vagabonds or invaders, and took them in triumph to Rome. Now came the play. The soldiers were beset with every species of solicitation and allurement to desert Victor Emanuel's army and join that of his Holiness. Three yielded to these temptations. They were conscripts of the southern provinces. The other three were proof against all temptation. They were sent by steamer to Leghorn and landed on Italian soil.

Now came the triumph: "the soldiers of Victor Emanuel desert his army, and fly to enrol themselves under the banner of the 'Sacred Keys.' The soldiers of Victor Emanuel invade the dominion of His Holiness. With Christian meekness, repaying evil with good, the Holy Father sends them back unharmed to their native land."

Were ever before two such delicious bites got

from one cherry? Reaction roared with delight from Vienna to Madrid, from Paris to Mexico. But, pray, was it any wonder that three poor Neapolitans, who had left disgrace behind them in the mountains of the Garigliano, should yield to the enticements of men who know all the arts of jesuitry? And pray what *could* His Holiness do with the soldiers of Victor Emanuel, taken into his dominions as prisoners by the brigands?

This business occupied Cuccitto for a month, there were so many little difficulties to be smoothed away! The people of Roccaguglielma profited by his triumph. It is singular that these bands do nothing without their leaders. There was a month of peace on the banks of the Garigliano.

At length Cuccitto returned, this time with his wife, who, in brigand dress, with a gun on her shoulder and a pistol in her belt, marched over the mountains with her husband. The band at this period consisted almost entirely of relatives. There were two or three brothers of Madame Cuccitto, several brothers of her husband, and a drove of cousins on both sides. It

was, in fact, a family of wild beasts, bloody, cruel, lustful and avaricious.

General Govone made new plans and new dispositions of his troops. As soon as the snows had disappeared in the spring of 1862, a permanent camp was formed upon Mount Cucco del Uovo, whose summit commanded the whole situation. An entire company was constantly kept in this position with orders to scour the mountain, act in concert with other small squads which made perlustrations over the less-elevated heights, and to maintain a sleepless watch over everybody in that region.

Some idea of the nature of this service may be formed from the fact, that this company had to be changed every ten days. The sun blistered them by day, and the chill air froze them at night. Passing every twenty-four hours through such extremes of heat and cold, with the strain of incessant activity and vigilance, the soldiers sickened at the post, and came down, without firing a shot in their ten days' campaign, as haggard and exhausted as if they had campaigned on the Pamunkey. One false step had

betrayed eighteen of their companions to a shameful rout; the brave fellows who were now climbing Mount Cucco dell' Uovo knew that if they missed a footing, or closed their eyes, they were lost men.

No duty was ever performed with more vigilance or exactitude. Cuccitto found himself outwitted; he could not move a hand without danger of discovery. Pillaging and levying contributions was out of the question; he waited for the troops to retire, exhausted and discouraged, but he waited in vain. They had come to stay, and every ten days he saw from his retreat a new company march up the mountain. Neither his patience nor that of his people were proof against this state of siege. Like the companies of Sergeant Romano, "they had come into the country to rob, and they must rob."

Cuccitto and his men stole away by night, crossed the frontier, and took to pillaging the subjects of Pius IX., many of whom had to taste the sweetness of the cup pressed by priestly hands to the lips of the Italian people. The Papal police did nothing to repress them. "They

are our brothers." The French troops took the matter in hand. Cuccitto, his wife, and several of his companions were surprised and captured near Terracina. The discovery of their hiding-place was due to information furnished by the Italian troops. One of the band was killed in the encounter. Cuccitto was taken to Rome, examined by a council of war, and handed over to the Italian general. He was imprisoned at Santa Maria, near Capua.

GIUSEPPE CONTE belonged to a class which is seldom represented in the lists of brigandage; a peaceable and honest proprietor in Fondi, he was forced to emigrate by a course of vindictive persecution directed against him by the syndic of that town. It is a new version of the old story of private vengeance which has ensanguined this beautiful land for a thousand years! I have exhibited so many of these gaping wounds, that I shrink from pointing to more; but the history of these times will be incomplete without a passing allusion to the local contests of Bourbons and Liberals, always making head in personal antipathies.

It was a problem with the Italian government, when it came to power in these provinces, whether to favour as local officers old Bourbons or liberals. Both were, as a rule, equally loyal, and it is hard to decide which has been most useful or most pernicious to the cause. The liberals were soured, and rendered vindictive by a long course of unrighteous oppression. When these men came to power, they wished to pay off old scores before sitting down in the family circle of Italian brotherhood. On the other hand, the ex-Bourbons had not forgotten their enmities. One class had an iconoclastic ambition to destroy the old, and a passion for making all things new; the other had the Bourbon disease in government—negligence, tyranny, indifference to law, justice and public improvement; with lingering, though almost unconscious, sympathies for the cause which had paid them. A few were in scarcely disguised conspiracy with the ex-king, but continued, by professions of loyalty or the force of local jealousies and personal influence, to retain their places. This is the wound; it is deep, but let us hope not incurable.

I return to Conte. An enmity of long standing between him and the syndic, who was an old, long-persecuted and fierce liberal, was, early after the revolution, blown into a flame by the aggressions of the latter on the former. Conte left the town.

In the reaction of 1860 he took part, and when it was quelled fled across the frontier to Terracina. The syndic pounced upon the family and property of the fugitive, burned his crops, slaughtered his cattle, and put his servants and friends in prison. Then he sent emissaries to capture Conte himself.

Conte was exasperated to madness; he organized a band, and made reprisals on the farms of the syndic, who, to save his own life, kept his house guarded, and did not venture into the streets without a picket of soldiers at his side.

Conte, having in this way violated the law and become a brigand in the eyes of authority, was approached and caressed by the reactionary party. It ended in his enrolling a band of vicious vagabonds, and operating under Chiavone, with the title of captain. In this career he

slaked the fierce thirst for blood and vengeance which was consuming him in atrocities which grew more horrible every day.

Finally, on the night of the 16th of October, 1861, he perpetrated one of the boldest and most horrible crimes which have stained this bloody frontier.

About midnight of that day, the Roman diligence from Terracina halted at Fondi, the first town on the Italian side. Some passengers bound to Naples entered, the horses were changed, and the diligence departed. Half-way between Fondi and Itri it was stopped by a company of brigands, the band of Conte commanded by himself. The postilions were ordered to descend, and the door was opened by Conte, who asked for Eliseo Altieri, Gaetano Loffredo, and the Canon Don Carlo Bianchi. They were the persons who had mounted at Fondi. They were compelled to descend. A hat, a cloak, and twelve ducats were taken from a fourth passenger, and the postilions were ordered to mount and drive on.

One of the band turned to Altieri, who

was the receiver of the Octroi duties at Fondi, and said—

"Do you remember the blow which you gave me in the piazza at Fondi? Now we shall settle that account."

It was true. This bandit was an ex-Bourbon soldier who, on his way from Gaeta after the surrender, had committed many excesses in Fondi, and had been struck by Altieri for some outrage upon decency.

The other two captives belonged to Terracina, in the Papal States, and were noted for their liberal opinions. They kept with religious patriotism all the Italian holidays; and the Canon Bianchi had fought among Garibaldi's volunteers on the Volturno.

The three victims were bound and conducted by the brigands into the mountains, close to the frontier, but on the Roman side. Some persons who encountered the band reported that the unfortunate captives were dragged up the rocky sides of the mountain with ropes, like so many cattle. Having arrived at the hiding place, they were bound to the trunks of trees and kept there

for three days and three nights. The cruel captors did not lose sight of them for a moment, and whiled away the hours of a necessary delay in insults, punctures of their daggers and blows showered upon the prisoners.

I say necessary delay, for Conte thought it his duty to have precise orders from Rome for the disposition of its subjects, the two liberals of Terracina. He set off at a gallop on the 17th; but it required some time at Rome to arrange the murder in such a way as to make it appear the spontaneous work of the band, and it was three days before Conte returned.

In the meantime the friends of the captives went to work in the common mode, taking the utmost pains to conceal the matter from the troops. The brigands who were guarding the captives had no objection to doing a little business on their own account in the absence of their chief, and demanded nine hundred ducats as ransom. The ducats were sent, but the victims were not restored.

Finally, on the third day Conte returned at a gallop. He had received precise instructions,

and was not the man to shrink from their execution.

The liberals of Terracina must be so disposed of as to excite the greatest possible amount of terror along the frontier, and furnish a terrible warning to all other liberals in the dominions of his Holiness. This is one of the great objects of brigandage on both sides of the border. Many a poor fellow who shouldered his double-barrelled shot gun to suppress the insurrection of 1860 in the Abruzzi, has been barbarously murdered as a warning to all others against serving the cause of order against the reaction. Next to the young men who fight for order, the liberals, who speak for it, are obnoxious to the infernal power which wields brigandage. Woe to them if they be not wise as serpents in the Papal States.

The horrid execution began. Conte selected the Canon Bianchi for his own victim. A priest and Roman liberal must not die by ignoble hands. Altieri was handed over to the ex-Bourbon soldier whose ears he had boxed in Fondi. Another brigand took Loffredo. The rest of the band officiated as assistants, *amateurs* and pupils,

grouped about the three victims like medical students in a dissecting room.

The victims were pricked with stilettos, mutilated, kept in suspense, expecting for agonized moments, the fatal blow. Finally the heads of the two Romans were severed by the simple use of the stiletto, "because it was a retaliation due to Rome." The other was decapitated with an axe.

The heads were carried by night to a parapet, which overlooks a bridge where the diligence had been stopped, and stuck upon pikes with a card appended to each, giving the reason for his execution. These may be all summed up in the one sentence—

"*Killed because enemies of religion and the legitimate King.*"

The circumstances of this case were gradually evolved by a variety of testimony which was afterwards fully confirmed by a *manutengolo*, or accomplice in brigandage, who was present at the martyrdom.

The heads remained upon the parapet until a picket of soldiers found them, and gave them

decent burial. The members of the band divided their nine hundred ducats, abandoned Conte, and joined Chiavone. Conte roved about the Papal States, and frequently visited Rome; but after some time settled down at Terracina.

The families of the assassinated persons made intercession to the French authority for the punishment of the crime. The liberal committee seconded these efforts by collecting the evidence and the horrid details. Then Conte was arrested, delivered to the Italian troops, and imprisoned in Santa Maria, near Capua, where so many "political prisoners"—as the oily reactionists of Paris, London and Vienna style these murderers—have been confined.

While the French were conducting him to the frontier, Conte made an effort to escape. The French officer in command of the guard prostrated him with a blow of his sword. But so desperate was the terrible prisoner, that it was found necessary to bind him to a cart and thus transport him to Fondi.

In the spring of 1862, Chiavone was still nominally in command of the brigand forces of

Francis II., but he had lost all control over his ragged legions. Dissatisfied with his favouritism in giving all the best sops to his relatives and old cronies, and still more discontented that he kept all the money sent him from Rome, the bands broke up into little squads, who robbed on their own account.

One of these small bands, consisting of eight or ten brigands, marched to Civita d'Antina in pursuit of a private vengeance. They entered the town without opposition, sacked and murdered in full day, without a finger being lifted against them. The authorities of the place looked on with complacence or fear. A detachment of troops at Civitella Roveta could have been notified in half an hour. They learned of the event next day. The syndic was afterwards summoned to Avezzano to give an account of himself. He declared that he only heard of the brigand visit on the next day after it occurred. The captain of the national guard was equally brilliant in his defence. The tribunal sent the conscript fathers of Civita d'Antina home to their wives.

I return to the band. They remained three

hours in the village, turning everything upside down. Finally they entered the house of a family named Ceroni, captured two young brothers, one of whom was a priest, dragged them to the top of Mount Meta, on the other side of the Liri, and there barbarously murdered them.

Towards dawn of the next day one of the friends of the captives went to Civitella Roveta and notified the officer commanding the post. It was too late. But how had the friends spent the lost time? In fruitless negotiations with the known accomplices of the brigands in their village.

Shortly after, the brigands attempted another raid. They advanced by night to Cesa, a little mountain village near Civitella Roveta. Here they met with a different greeting. The parish priest loaded his carbine, stationed himself in his window, and fired at the assailants, while his sexton furiously rang the church bells.

The priest succeeded in wounding one of the brigands, and making noise enough with his gun to create the impression that a garrison was in the place. The soldiers at Civitella heard the

bells, and ran to the spot. The brigands had already been routed by the valiant priest, who was made a cavalier of the order of Sts. Maurice and Lazarus. All honour to the priest-cavalier, Don Vincenzo Tomeo.

A new aggression from the Papal side was attempted at Castelluccio, near Fucino, but it was repulsed with some loss by the national guard. Other attempts shared the same fate.

Finding it dangerous to rob on the Italian side, the brigands carried on their trade in the Roman State. They did not vary their programme by a line, and did not spare even the priests. Among others they captured a bishop, and demanded a ransom of two hundred ducats.

This capture excited alarm at Rome. Papal guards were despatched to the frontier, and perlustrations ordered all along the line. The brigands moderated their zeal, and confined their attentions to persons unknown, and not likely to attract observation. At this period they robbed from the small merchants who had occasion to travel with their wares to the fairs on either side of the border.

At the beginning of April a more formidable attempt was made to accomplish something on the south side of the Liri. Chiavone sent over about two hundred men under the command of a certain Mancini. They attacked Luco, a little village near the banks of Lake Fucino. It was garrisoned by a sergeant and fifteen men.

As soon as the sergeant learned that two hundred brigands were coming to assault the place, he entrenched himself in a house, which served as his barracks, and prepared to sell his own life and the lives of his soldiers as dearly as possible.

The soldiers planted themselves at the windows, and fired upon their assailants. The brigands kept up the contest in front for half an hour, and then resorted to other means of attack. They climbed upon the roof from the rear, and kindled a fire. At the same time, they set fire to two sides of the house. The flames grew hot, but the soldiers had no thought of surrendering. They loaded and fired with as much coolness as if they had been on parade.

An unexpected deliverance was at hand. A

corporal, with three men, making a perlustration on the shore of the lake, heard the firing and saw the flames, and, without stopping to call his muster-roll, set out for the scene of action. He arrived, and discovered the situation, but did not falter. Turning to his three men, he cried—

"Our brothers are in peril. It is our duty to save them, or to die with them. *Forward! Italia-Savoia!*"

They threw themselves boldly among the brigands, discharging their pieces, and then presenting the cold steel of their bayonets. The brigands believed that they were attacked by a large force, and took to their heels. A corporal and three men had relieved a garrison of fifteen, and routed two hundred besiegers. Silvestro Fontezzi, the corporal, was promoted, and wears on his breast a silver medal which commemorates the siege of Luco.

The brigands believed that a heavy force was marching upon them from the frontier, and threw themselves into the mountains towards the interior.

The little garrison issued from the burning

house and started in pursuit. Fortunately an entire company, stationed at Avezzano, had heard the musketry and seen the flames at Luco, and arrived in time to join in the chase. At dawn next morning they had lost trace of the fugitives, but the road was strewed with the dead and wounded. On the body of a brigand a list was found containing the names of the band.

The alarm had been given at all the military stations, and the various detachments joined in the pursuit. The mountains were scoured in every direction for eight or ten days. At the end of that time the greater part of the band had been killed, or captured and shot. A few succeeded in escaping and hiding in the interior.

This disastrous campaign completed the ruin of Chiavone. He was deprived of his command, and the Spaniard, Tristany, was sent from Rome to take his place. From that period Chiavone has remained a mystery. It is commonly believed that he is dead. A brigand, captured after these events, avorred that he had seen the corpse of Chiavone lying in a ditch, covered with a goat skin, beside three other corpses of brigands. Ac-

cording to his account, Chiavone had been shot by order of Tristany, on account of a jealousy originating in the change of the command. The other three had been shot by Tristany "because they were robbers!"

This is the war which reaction waged against Italy in 1861! A thousand crimes, a hundred little robbing expeditions, have not been recounted. The reader can judge from its best actions how little claim this brigandage had to the title of a partisan war.

There are two episodes (the entire history of this war in reality consists of little else than episodes) which occurred while Chiavone was nominally in command, and I proceed to describe them here.

While Cuccitto was ravaging the region of Roccaguglielma, that is, in the autumn of 1861-2, the band of Angelo Maccarone, numbering also about thirty persons, occupied, on the opposite bank of the Garigliano, a very similar position in the mountains of San Cesima. This is a tract of country less extensive, but having nearly identical conditions, with the natural fastnesses which sheltered Cuccitto. They are dense and tangled

woods, rocky solitudes, and secret caves, affording secure hiding-places and store-houses.

The career of Maccarone began with an assassination. He captured in the campagna a certain De Martino, lieutenant in the national guard of Vilicuso, conducted him into the mountains, and barbarously murdered him. It was a private quarrel—always the same story.

Having made this beginning, he collected his relatives and friends, and began to rob, burn, levy ransoms and assassinate with extraordinary vigour.

The efforts of the troops to capture the band encountered the usual obstacles. The mountaineers did not dare to refuse aid to the brigands, or to give it to the soldiers. Some did more than this. The nocturnal expeditions of Maccarone were participated in by the peasants, who returned at day-dawn to their houses, or to guide their flocks and labour in their little fields.

Finally, a second lieutenant clothed himself and a few of his soldiers in peasant costume, and set out for the mountains. He ran grave peril; for, on one side, he was not unlikely to be dis-

covered by the brigands, and, on the other, actually drew the fire of some of his fellow-soldiers. However the enterprise was crowned with success. He discovered some of the *manutengoli*, or accomplices of the brigands, and, through them, one of the trysting-places of the peaceful citizen and the plundering brigand. Four brigands were captured and shot as the result of this stratagem; and a salutary fear of consequences cut off the rest from the sympathies of their commissaries and bankers. For a short time the band seemed annihilated, and the peace was established in that region.

Suddenly the brigands re-appeared, and the adjacent valleys smoked with a new ruin. The troops flew to the spot. There were new perlustrations, which ended in killing two, capturing one, and shooting several others. The band was again dispersed, and for two months did not give a sign of life.

Maccarone disappeared altogether, and his fate is not yet known with certainty; but the band re-appeared under a new leader, called Fuoco. These chiefs all baptize themselves with new

names, which may serve to disguise them, bury old crimes, or inspire fear in the breasts of their countrymen.

Fuoco maintained the fame of the band. The robberies, fires, ransoms, followed each other with frightful rapidity. The old inertia, guile and terror of the population returned. The troops marched and countermarched till they were exhausted. They questioned, threatened, arrested the peasants. All to no purpose; nobody had seen brigands; not a trace of a robber could be found.

The brigands disarmed the national guard at Galluccio, barbarously murdered a young man named Canali, of good family and an honest liberal, and emboldened by their success, perpetrated a more horrid crime.

The arch-priest of Carsoli was celebrating mass in a crowded church on a Sunday. A rifle ball stretched him dead before the altar. Carriages and diligences were halted and plundered, all trade and all travel were rendered impossible.

The troops continued to run themselves out of breath, and their ranks thinned under fevers

contracted in the hot days and chill nights of this desert. General Govone adopted part of the policy of Manhès. He ordered the coal-burners to leave their pits in the mountains, and the flocks to be driven into the valleys. He put strict watch over suspected persons, and caused many of them to be arrested. He then shut up the little taverns which dotted the narrow mountain roads. Strange conspiracy! He had no sooner depopulated the wildest part of this region than the brigands disappeared. They had sought shelter, friends and food in the Papal States.

The second episode to be recounted here relates to the capture and execution of Carlo Meyer, alias Kalkreuth, alias Count Edwin of Saxony. On the 11th of January, 1862, Colonel Lopez, of the forty-fourth infantry, wrote to General Govone from Sora as follows:—

"I have information from the Roman committee that a Saxon named Kalkreuth, under the assumed name of Charles Meyer, has left Rome to cross the frontier. He is the bearer of very important despatches to the Bourbon party, and of many printed proclamations."

Fruitless efforts were made along the frontier, and at Naples, to discover and unmask this Bourbon agent. The investigations made at Rome led to the discovery that Kalkreuth figured in Bourbon literature under the poetic title of Count Edwin, and numerous incendiary proclamations of that period were signed with his name. The imaginary legions which figured in these proclamations were to have been commanded by this flower of Saxon nobility.

Kalkreuth seems to have been an adventurer who had doubtless been allured to a shameful work by those golden promises which abound in the exchequer of Francis II.

Kalkreuth had been forgotten at Gaeta, when one morning in May two soldiers of the eleventh infantry, going from Formia to Maranola to escort some provisions for their detachment, discovered in the distance four travellers with packs on their shoulders such as artists carry in their mountain tours. These persons were toiling along on a rough bye-path, and seemed anxious to shun the road to Formia, and to be moving towards Spigno.

The soldiers were not able to comprehend the

artistic advantages gained by such a toilsome ascent, when a better road was to be had for the choosing. They, therefore, deviated from their own course, and placed themselves behind some bushes on the path of the travellers. When these approached, the soldiers discovered themselves, and cried, "Halt!" The first traveller, who proved to be Kalkreuth, drew his pistol, the man next him did the same. The soldiers levelled their carbines, and told them that if they moved a finger they were dead men. Courage and loyalty always have the advantage over a restless conscience and conscious guilt. Kalkreuth and his companions hesitated a moment, and that moment decided the question of superiority. The next order came promptly. "Lay down your arms, and step back three paces." The prisoners obeyed. The soldiers picked up the arms, and gave the order to march on towards Maranola. The prisoners advanced about thirty paces and halted. "They wanted to go to Spigno. Maranola was out of their way. They were peaceable persons, and it was an outrage to disturb them." The soldiers confined the discussion

on their side to a new order to advance accompanied by a significant click of their carbine locks. A new halt occurred, and Kalkreuth undertook to open one of the valises which was afterwards found to contain pistols.

The soldiers thought this to be what a Yankee would call fooling. One of them put Kalkreuth in position, and tied his hands behind his back. The rest were then served in the same way. The moral contest in this case is curious. The slightest want of self-confidence in the soldiers must have led to ignominious failure. One wandering look, one false motion, and the four prisoners might have tumbled them down the hill-side. But when Kalkreuth was tied, this difficulty was surmounted. There was another difficulty. If the soldiers had been Yankees, their pockets would have afforded strings of some sort, and in quantity sufficient to tie a dozen prisoners. But the Italian soldier has his Yankee side and is good at expedients. The straps of the two guns, and the sashes which confined their pantaloons just sufficed for the emergency.

There were many halts before they reached

Maranola. Kalkreuth expostulated and stormed, but of course to no purpose. The prisoners were delivered to the guard at Maranola.

Subjected to examination, Kalkreuth declared that he was a poet and artist, running over the mountains in pursuit of emotions, fine views and Roman ruins. The second declared himself a servant of Kalkreuth, and an ex-waiter in an eating-house at Rome. The third represented himself as an ex-member of a brigand band which he named, and declared that he was simply carrying Kalkreuth's baggage. The fourth bore the name of Fra Diavolo, Pezza, and actually belonged to Itri, and to the family of the great brigand. The Marquis Pezza must neglect his family, for this member belonged to the class of vagabonds called Cafoni, whose miserable and vicious life I have described in a former chapter. He also claimed that he had been taken and paid by Kalkreuth for carrying his baggage.

The baggage was found to contain pistols, coccades, daggers, and a large quantity of Bourbon proclamations intended to excite insurrection in the country.

After a second examination, which confirmed the facts elicited in the first, Kalkreuth and the ex-brigand were condemned to be shot, because taken with arms in their hands. The other two were handed over to the judicial power.

Kalkreuth asked leave to write to the ambassador of Saxony at Paris. The letter which he wrote contained this singular passage:—"I have long desired such a death as I am about to receive at the hands of the Piedmontese."

He died courageously, and even wished to give the soldiers the order to fire. The ex-brigand, on the contrary, displayed the utmost vileness and cowardice in the face of death.

The two brave soldiers were rewarded with silver medals. One of them belonged to the old provinces, the other was a Neapolitan conscript.

CHAPTER VI.

ATROCITIES—REMEDIES—LOSSES.

Tristany—The passengers of the "Aunis"—A few of their crimes—Burning men alive—Coppolone—War on the liberal priests—Caruso—One of his victims—The reaction of Isernia—Policy of the Italian Government—Expedients and remedies—The accomplices in brigandage—The law of 1863—Comedies—*Crocco* again—Dangers which brigandage creates—Incidents—Healing influences—National thought—The army—The conscripts—Statistics of the loss of life—Sickness in the army—Statement of losses for one month in a single province.

TRISTANY, the successor of Chiavone in command of the brigands at the frontier, is a Spaniard, whose previous history is like that of Borjès. However, he has neither the sincerity nor courage of his unfortunate compatriot. He has accomplished nothing during the two years of his command. He affects a Fabian policy, which is perhaps the fruit of his cowardice, advanced age, and indolence. He is at least sixty

years of age, though still robust and erect. He has the reputation of having shot Chiavone for his baseness, and of being opposed to deeds of violence and inhumanity. But it is well known to the Italian officers serving on the frontier that Tristany is a corrupt mercenary. On one occasion he sent definite proposals to General Govone to transfer his sword to the Italian side for a good round sum of money. General Govone replied with disdain, "that he would pay Tristany with the same amount of lead that he had given Borjès."

During twenty-four months he crossed the frontier only once, and then he only advanced eight miles in a desert region. The national guards of the country encountered him and gave the alarm to the detachments of the vicinity. Tristany faced about for the frontier, counting it a piece of great good fortune that he was able to save his precious life. The titles worn by these servants of the ex-king must be in inverse proportion to their actual services. Chiavone was a generalissimo, Tristany calls himself a field-marshal.

During the last two years, brigandage has steadily declined, especially at the frontier. The location, numbers and activity of the Italian troops are such that the largest band could not now attack a village without danger of extermination. On the other side of the frontier, the Bourbon agents conspire and collect men without any fruit except robberies and assassinations by small bands, as often within as without the dominions of the Pontiff. But every year witnesses a great effort, usually in the spring, to accomplish something to be trumpeted as a victory. These efforts will continue while the political conditions remain unchanged. They will cease when there is no longer a frontier and Italy is permitted to take possession of her capital.

The French army of occupation has co-operated to some extent, since 1861, in the suppression of armed bands. But its most effective coöperation would be to take steamers at Civita Vecchia for Toulon. It cannot maintain order in the Papal States, because it begins by recognizing the rights of a disorder which is the father of political brigandage. The Italian people are

the only proper guardians of the peace of Rome.

Since the failure of its armed expeditions, reaction has turned its attention to fomenting and increasing the indigenous brigandage, and to plotting conspiracies in Naples. Unrest and discontent are created by these movements, but the complaints of the Neapolitans have ceased to have a national tone, and have become distinctly political and partisan.

It is no longer the Piedmontese who are blamed. It is the ministry. This is a cheering sign of the rapid progress made in these four years. Naples is definitively Italian.

In the meantime, the indigenous brigandage has at times taken on a character of terrible virulence. These ex-convicts, old robbers, deserted soldiers and assassins make terrible havoc in the very heart of wealthy provinces. The chiefs are always in communication with the Bourbon committees, and they never want for religious consolation and sure couriers among the priests and friars of the neighbouring villages and cities.

Brigandage is simply horrible. Those who have found a chivalrous form of this protean crime have invented it. It is not strange that such a form has been imagined. All manifestations of human strength excite in us a certain admiration; Milton's Devil has more admirers than the best of his angels. To most men society exercises such an imperious and undisputed sovereignty, that the brigand who dissolves all its bonds and sets its authority at defiance, seems a being of extraordinary courage and power. But the real Neapolitan brigand has seldom the courage of the Italian soldier, while he is usually a brutal, bragging, ignorant, licentious wretch. I crave the pardon of all those moral invalids who have a literary appetite for tainted meat, but I must express the belief that there never was any other species of brigand in Italy or anywhere else.

In the bloody records of brigandage the two brothers La Gala, Domenico Papa and Giovanni D'Avanzo, better known as the passengers of the "Aunis," are entitled to rank as the most brutal and atrocious. They figured largely in 1861 and

1862, having their primary base at Rome, and their secondary in the mountains of Avellino. After a career of unexampled barbarity, they retired to Rome. Here, being in danger of arrest by the French troops, upon requisitions made by the Italian general at the frontier, a scheme was devised by the Bourbon committee for sending them into Spain. They took passage on board the French steamer "Aunis" at Civita Vecchia for Marseilles. The steamer stopped at Leghorn and Genoa; but, covered by the French flag, these miscreants expected to pass safely under the very eyes of the Italian police. At Genoa they were arrested and consigned to an Italian prison. The honour of the French flag (which was not supposed to be compromised by using the coasting privilege accorded to French steamers to transport Italian criminals in and out of Italian waters) was deemed to be insulted by the arrest of these criminals in the harbour of Genoa. The French government demanded the restoration of the passengers of the "Aunis." If the case had been left to be decided upon general principles of international

law, no just claim to the restoration of these persons could have been set up. A criminal, in the eyes of the American government, could scarcely travel safely from Halifax to Bermuda, through the harbours of Boston and New York, because the flag over him happened to be British. It should be hoped that men do not lose sight of common sense in determining the principles of international law. In the case of the "Annis," however, it was discovered that the postal treaty between the two nations provided that no questions should be asked, in the Italian ports, touching the character of the passengers.

Accordingly the four brigands were given up to the French government, and were recovered by Italy under an extradition treaty. The La Gala and their companions spent a few weeks in a French prison, and the honour of France was vindicated; while due notice was given to all brigands that they may take passage on board French steamers at Civita Vecchia, and ride into the harbours of Leghorn and Genoa, snapping their fingers at the Italian police under the batteries of these ports. These brigands were

transferred to the prison of Santa Maria, near Capua, and put on trial for their crimes in the month of March, 1864.

The La Gala were ex-convicts, stained with innumerable robberies and some homicides. The Bourbon government had maintained them for several years at public expense in the galleys. In 1860 they escaped from prison and returned to their old career.

The first act of Jonah, the youngest of the brothers, on issuing from prison, was to assassinate one of the witnesses, whose testimony had condemned him to the penal works.

Papa and D'Avanzo had a history little different from that of the La Gala. These four devils in human shape formed a band, early in 1861, numbering sometimes one hundred persons, and were the terror of four provinces, in which they committed atrocities, some of which, for the sake of my modest countrywomen, I forbear to record in these pages.

On their trial they pleaded, in justification of their crimes, that they were political acts com-

mitted with the avowed object of restoring the dethroned monarch, and defending the cause of religion. With this devotion to legitimacy and religion they mingled their personal enmities, which they satiated with the foulest crimes. Their real watchwords were—Money and Blood.

They made clean work in all these cases. Some witnesses who had testified against them fled for their lives, and the horrible memory of their acts of vengeance rested like a nightmare on those who appeared against them at their last trial.

One vengeance taken by them has incidents which I cannot relate, but the main features are the following:—

A certain De Cesare had been their companion in the galleys at Nisiti. In an altercation, De Cesare had struck Cipriano La Gala. After the revolution of 1860, De Cesare returned to his home and led an honest life. One evening in September, 1861, he received a letter from Jonah (written by D'Avanzo, the secretary of the band), running as follows:—

DEAR FRANCIS,

I learn that you are in the bosom of your family in all tranquillity. My brother and I would like to see you upon the mountain for a little diversion. Your friend,

GIONA LA GALA.

De Cesare had forgotten the blow given to Cipriano in the galleys, and without any hesitation went to the mountain. The brothers received him with hypocritical smiles, tied his arms behind his back, and killed him with fiendish atrocities. Then they severed the head from the body, and having put a pipe in the mouth affixed it to the window of a public edifice. The arms and legs were similarly disposed in other places and covered with placards bearing indecent inscriptions. Nor was this all, they roasted portions of the flesh of the victim and ate them with infernal glee. A priest, whom they had captured and were detaining for a ransom, and several other persons witnessed these disgusting barbarities, and related them at the trial in Santa Maria.

Another incident in the career of these men is, if possible, more atrocious. They captured an old priest of Arienzo, named Viscuso. They demanded a large ransom, and, as it came in slowly, they cut off one of his ears, and sent it to his friends. One of the brigands devoured part of this ear before it was sent, saying, "Priest meat is delicious."

The reader will remember that I am selecting from the evidence given at the trial only those things which are not too horrible for people with strong nerves to read.

This priest was a liberal and had been condemned to death from the moment of his capture, but he was kept alive to extort money from his friends. Large sums were collected and sent to the mountains, but all in vain. Finding that the health of their prisoner was giving way under his sufferings, and having got all the money the family could procure, the brigands set about the murder with infernal dexterity. They inflicted one hundred and one wounds upon his body, and then buried him alive, throwing stones upon his palpitating breast. These facts were settled at

the trial with the utmost certainty. The circle of responsibility will be completely revealed when I add that for the money collected from the Viscuso family, the La Gala gave receipts in the name of the ex-king. The advocate who pleaded their cause at the trial took great pains to elicit this fact, and I give his clients the full benefit of the circumstance.

One of the witnesses for the defence gave the following testimony. It gives a view of the workings of brigandage:—

"In 1861, two cows were stolen from me, and hearing that there were eight or ten persons running over the country, I tried to find them and did find them. I had a conversation with them, and begged them not to touch my cattle, but I told them that if I had anything that would be useful to them, I would willingly give it to them. Cipriano said in reply that he had not taken my cattle. Then I took ten piastres, a bottle of rum, and a bunch of cigars, as a present to Cipriano. After that my cattle were not molested."

Papa had heard that one Mazzone, the priest

of his village, was talking about his eccentricities, and he resolved to punish this treachery. Taking his brother and two double-barrelled guns well loaded, he went to the house of the priest. He knocked at the door and then retired a few paces. Instead of the object of his enmity a brother of the priest responded to his summons. It did not much matter to Papa: it was the same blood. He deliberately took aim and extended his victim on his own threshold. He had hitherto been a brigand without the trouble of changing his lodgings. His manner of life was known, notorious to the whole village. The fate of Mazzone shows why the secret was well kept from the public authorities. However, after this vengeance, Papa took up his lodgings in the camp on the mountains.

One of the witnesses at this trial had been captured in September, 1861, and forced to pay a ransom. He was an attorney of Paolisi; but when arrested on the highway, he told the brigands that he belonged to Cervinara, *because his townsmen had defeated the band in an encounter* twelve days before. This false statement was

corrected by a member of the band who had been in the service of his cousin, and a ransom of three thousand ducats was demanded. "Write to your friends," said La Gala, "that if they do not send the whole amount we will send them your head." During his stay on the mountain, he was forced to eat the roasted flesh of another victim. To his protest that it sickened him, the monsters replied, "Very well, we will see to-morrow how your own flesh tastes." The attorney, however, got off by paying two hundred ducats, *having bribed the brigand who carried the letter to his friends to report that his family was too poor to pay more.*

I do not wish to dwell on the atrocities of these passengers of the "Aunis." They were convicted, but their voyage into France saved their lives, on the plea, I believe, that capital punishment should not be inflicted in cases of extradition. We occasionally read in the journals that certain bands of brigands contemplate the release of these terrible men, and the witnesses against them in March last will never sleep securely while the wretches continue to breathe.

On the 11th of April, 1863, Lord Palmerston, in speaking of the character of brigandage, mentioned that the brigands even burned men alive. The statement was disputed by some of the organs of reaction. In reply to the counter-statement, an Italian officer, writing in the "Rivista Contemporanea" (Turin), in May, 1863, says :—

"Lord Palmerston has not exaggerated. To speak only of what I know from personal knowledge, two soldiers of my regiment were bound to trees and burned alive by some brigands in the Capitanata, in July, 1861."

The sums demanded for ransoms are sometimes enormous. The friends of the captives not only beggar themselves, but drain the money of a whole village to rescue a brother or father. The brigands know the facility with which the people pay them, and they work astutely upon their fears and hopes, which are necessarily vivid in proportion to that intense love of kindred characteristic of the race.

In April, 1864, the band Fuoco, whose acquaintance we made in the last chapter, captured

a priest belonging to a wealthy family of Carano di Sessa (Terra di Lavoro), and conducted him upon the mountains, demanding a ransom of eighty thousand ducats. Several thousand ducats were sent, but he was not released. The prisoner wrote a letter to his friends telling them to send no more money. It is supposed that the poor victim had learned that his death was decreed in Rome, and had resolved to face his fate with heroic fortitude. The brigands murdered him, and divided the money sent to them by his family.

It is noticeable that the liberal priests are the special objects of brigand steel. This fact becomes more prominent as the contest between Rome and Italy progresses. In some cases the origin of such murders has been traced to "*superior orders*," which doubtless emanate from Rome. The secrets of the times through which we are passing will one day be disclosed, and the concealed springs of these assassinations will then be revealed.

Coppolone is one of those warriors of the Church and King who are noted for cruelty. In

April last he visited with his band the villa of a liberal priest, named Astrignano, not far from Montescaglioso. The priest was not at home, but Coppolone flogged his servants and killed his cattle. He left a letter for the priest couched in these terms:—

You are a priest, and I demand of you, in the name of the Pope, two hundred ducats by to-morrow, besides grass for my horses, and food for my men. If you do not obey me, we will serve you as we have served your cattle, when we get ready to leave this neighbourhood.

MAJOR COPPOLONE.

The priest secured the protection of the authorities for the moment, but it is impossible to put a garrison in every villa; and threatened men, though they live long in other countries, seldom escape in this.

Caruso, one of the most successful chiefs in the Basilicata, after nearly three years of terrible success, was captured and shot in December, 1863. The victims of this monster and his band

are reckoned at one thousand and five hundred persons. One of the most painful incidents of his career relates to a poor girl captured and violated by him. In her grief and shame she became his mistress, and shared his marches and fatigues in the woods and mountains. She was captured with him, tried by the court-martial which condemned him, and honourably acquitted. She returned to her friends a wasted skeleton, and *enceinte* by the devil who had ruined her.

During the reaction in October, 1860, in Isernia, there were some scenes of indescribable horror. A young man, named Jadopi, was first deprived of his eyes and then killed. His maternal grandfather, the Cavalier De Lillis, was the head of the band of assassins, and looked on while the crime was committed. When the boy was dying, even the murderers pitied him, and wished to bear him into the house of his grandfather, that he might die in peace. The cruel old wretch spurned the dying victim from his door.

The reaction was suppressed and the Cavalier De Lillis arrested. His daughter, the mother of

poor Jadopi, went to the Italian general to ask mercy for her father.

"But," said the general, "this man is the chief of the assassins who killed your son, and he himself thrust him dying from his own door!"

"Yes," said the weeping woman, "My son has been barbarously murdered, but I am still this man's daughter."

These facts were elicited in a trial in Santa Maria, near Capua, which occurred in May, 1864. The trial involved some passages in the history of the Bishop of the diocese of Isernia. One of the witnesses said—

"When the peasants carried the heads of Garibaldians upon pikes past the episcopal palace, the bishop said to them—

"Well done, you are serving the cause of the King and of religion."

The remedies for the state of things out of which brigandage grows are necessarily as complex as the causes. There is one direct and radical cure; the diffusion of public instruction, which would raise the plebs of these provinces to

the rank of a people. But this is the work of a generation; and if brigandage be not suppressed by other means, it will rot the character of the masses more rapidly than public education can heal it.

The nation is therefore compelled to treat a disease, which can only be radically cured by elevating the character of the people through education, with a series of expedients carried on with one hand, while the other is devoted to the real regeneration of the popular heart, conscience and will.

These indirect remedies may be grouped as follows:—

I. To devote unwearied effort to the solution of the Roman question. From Rome proceed stimulants to brigandage. Rome is the base, moral, political and material, from which this disorder is diffused; and when that piece of Italian territory is covered by the flag of Italy, the external stimulants will cease to operate, the religious, political and material base will be destroyed.

2. There will remain the indigenous brigand-

age and the brigands created by four years of Papal countenance and encouragement. The mountains and perhaps a hundred communes situated in the high valleys of the Appennines will contain a population addicted to brigand life or to correspondence and fraternity with brigands. There will remain large bodies of peasantry who have no regular employment, or are so poorly paid as to be ever on the verge of extreme want. To meet these conditions, a vast system of roads must be constructed. The peasantry must be supplied with work, and much of the soil must be enfranchised and put into the hand of those by whose sweat it is fertilized.

3. The good priests must be warmly sustained, the bad firmly checked and punished. The national guards must be organized and corrupt communes put under the control of good men. A vigilant supervision of all the interests of the masses, of all the public employers, of all the moral and benevolent bodies, must be exercised by the central power. There are a thousand difficulties in executing these plans; but patient and patriotic enterprise and public spirit,

sustained by the national sentiment, will accomplish much in these departments; rather, much has already been accomplished.

4. Brigandage will continue while these purifying agencies are doing their work. To check it, to destroy its legions, the soldier must be put on guard in all the districts where it prevails. The soldier must be allowed to fight it, to kill it, as he would any other enemy. While he is allowed to use the rights of war against it, the nation will remember that brigandage has no rights, is consecrated by no political cause, and is therefore to be destroyed without parley and without mercy. Pity towards the brigand is deadly hate of his innocent victim, and treason to the future.

I have only sketched here the policy of the Italian government, a policy which it has steadily pursued from the beginning of this war. It has made no peace with brigands, it has proclaimed no amnesties for assassins. It says to the brigand, "Surrender and take your trial before the courts; fight and settle the account with lead." That policy steadily pursued holds brigandage in check, and when the political

stimulants cease to act and the highways are opened, it will crush it for ever. The task is hirsute with obstacles. The union of the state of war with the state of peace involves perpetual danger of conflict between the military and civil powers. The condition of things in which men are shot every day by summary court-martial educates the people, to a certain extent, in a wrong and dangerous direction.

The chief difficulty arises in the treatment of the *manutengolo* (one who extends his hand to the brigands), or secret accomplice. What to do with the man who, though living in apparent quiet, is yet the commissary, banker and spy of the brigands? I have given many instances in this book to show that when the mysterious telegraph between brigand and *manutengolo* is severed the former must surrender, emigrate, or die of starvation. But how to unmask this accomplice? Before this problem the wisdom of Italy, of the age, is confounded. A system of secret police will do something, but it will not reach the seat of the disease, and no complete remedy consistent with the safety of the innocent

has been or can be devised. There is one short, terrible way out of this embarrassing position, the system of Manhès—applied to the Abruzzi in 1861 by Pinelli, and partially to the region of Mount Cesima, in 1862, by Govone. The Italian government has an invincible repugnance to these rigorous measures. In them the innocent suffer along with the guilty, the pursuits of a large portion of the people are interrupted and their interests gravely compromised. Yet many Italians believe that it would have been better to remove fifty thousand people permanently from the districts addicted traditionally to brigandage, and thus render desolate those spots consecrated to crime, than to weary out fifty thousand soldiers in a chase from month to month, from year to year, after brigands, fed, clothed, concealed and warned by the invisible, intangible, omnipresent *manutengolo*. Among a hundred men you cannot tell which ten are the sinners; nay, it is more than likely that, by force of circumstances, all, without exception, are sometimes accomplices. But remove the hundred out of the reach of temptation, and the brigand goes back to the

shadow of the Vatican or surrenders to the troops.

But if the Italian government adopted so strong a measure, all the foreign portfolios of Europe would bristle with remonstrance. It is deemed the duty of Italy to cure herself regularly, legally and constitutionally, or to die in the attempt. It is easy to prescribe love pills for brigandage and rebellion, and it is not wonderful that the United States and Italy are embarrassed by the advice of political doctors with portfolios.

In 1863 the Italian parliament met this ques- of the *manutengolo* with a law of some rigour, which went a long way towards drying up the streams which supply brigandage.

The law contains provisions as follows:—

1. Brigands operating in bands of not less than three persons shall be tried by court-martial.

2. The brigands captured making armed resistance shall be shot.

3. Those brigands who do not oppose armed resistance when taken, and all persons who furnish provisions, or aids of any kind whatsoever,

to the bands, may be condemned to the hard labour for life.

4. All brigands who shall surrender voluntarily within a month from the proclamation of this law shall be tried and receive a commutation of from one to three grades in the punishment of their crimes.

5. The government will have power to prescribe for a length of time not exceeding one year, a compulsory domicil for all idle, vagabond, or suspected persons, including camorrists and suspected *manutengoli*. The list of such persons shall be prepared by a junta composed of the prefect, president of the tribunal, royal procurator, and two provincial councillors.

The operation of this law was limited to the year 1863. The third and fifth sections bore immediate and beneficent fruits. A large number of accomplices were arrested, and many brigands were induced to surrender by the operation of three motives: 1. To secure a commutation of their punishment; 2. To save their friends who were in danger of being condemned to hard labour for complicity with them; 3. To escape starva-

tion or arrest in consequence of the interruption of their telegraphic and commissary system.

There were some comedies enacted in the last days of 1863 at the military stations in the provinces of the Capitanata, the Basilicata, Naples and the Terra di Lavoro. Crocco among others came in with a large number of men, and proposed to return to his mountains to collect several hundred more. The Italian officer consented to his departure on this singular mission, but Crocco forgot to return. There were several such farces enacted to close up the tragic scenes of a three-years' brigandage. Still the system did much good. Many brigands surrendered. Many *manutengoli* were assigned residences under the eyes of the police, and the winter passed in unusual tranquillity. For four months Crocco lay concealed, it is not known where, and when he entered the field in April last he had but fifteen men mounted upon the worst horses of the Basilicata. His familiarity with the country, and his command over a portion of the peasantry have enabled him to keep the field, to levy ransoms

and contributions, and to increase his force to about fifty men; but the day of sacking villages is past, and if not captured he will soon run into hiding again.*

This is the most formidable band now in the field. There are, perhaps, twenty small bands in five different provinces, but they are active only at rare intervals, and their power of mischief is limited to the districts in which brigandage has always prevailed.

The banks of the Fortore and the Garigliano, the mountains of Gargono, the Molise and the frontier will continue to contain brigands until inveterate habit and political excitements are broken or ended by the complete triumph of the cause of United Italy.

In the meantime, the application of the remedies rendered necessary by the conditions in which Italy is placed—with an inheritance of ignorance, corruption, and evil habit—and by the French occupation, is attended with incidents of the most painful character.

* Since this was written, General Pallavicini has forced Crocco to fly for his life. As was to be expected, his retreat conducted him to Rome.

The power given to the juntas in the last months of 1863, of selecting individuals for deportation to other parts of the provinces was one of great danger, in view of the private enmities which discolour all facts, and render it very difficult for the most honest committee to ascertain the true offenders. On the other hand, the first defence set up by an accused person is that he has "powerful enemies." Even brigands dripping with the blood of a hundred assassinations go into court with this stereotyped plea.

The soldiers are put between two fires. Woe to them if they fail to arrest malefactors, or if they let slip an opportunity of unmasking a *manutengolo*. But if, in their zeal, they mistake their man, and arrest or kill an innocent person, there is a clamour from Turin to Reggio. The following incident occurred in Calabria, in December, 1863. Some soldiers secretly took position one evening near the house of a suspected person. During the night he arose and went towards his outhouses for the purpose, it is said, of feeding his mules. The soldiers discovered him, and gave the order to halt. Instead of obeying he took to

his heels, and the soldiers shot him. Of course the soldiers are blamed, but they acted within the letter of their instructions, and the victim, if victim he was, owed his death to the complications which brigandage creates.

In the province of Avellino, during the last winter, some persons hunting on the mountains took shelter for the night in a deserted hut. A half-dozen carbineers also out hunting, but for brigands, tracked the first party to the hut. Each took the other for brigands, and a contest occurred in which one of the hunters was wounded. The rest were conducted bound to the nearest military station, where they were all proved to be good and true men.

There are, however, healing influences which are more powerful than all the direct legislation or executive action of the government.

Among these must be ranked foremost the quickening power of national ideas, the elevating force of great thoughts, which are diffused by the press, and by the intercourse of the people of all portions of the peninsula with each other. For four years the Italians have been daily thinking

of themselves as one people, with a common destiny whose glory was to result from their union in one nation. Such daily thinking works occultly in the mind and heart of the people, even of the humblest, and produces an unconscious change of views, sympathies and prejudices. Doubtless, in 1861 and 1862 the epithet Piedmontese conveyed an unpleasant class of ideas, and was associated with the notion of conquest, and that too by inferiors, to the mind of the Neapolitan. Brigandage found its account in stimulating such prejudices, and brigands were manufactured by the clever handling of an epithet. But all that is passing away. The thought of the nation has definitely moulded itself over the words Italy and Italian, henceforth to be the broad bay in which Neapolitan, Florentine, Lombard, Venetian, Roman, Sicilian and Piedmontese ride in safety and peace.

The very necessity which has compelled Italy to create an army has furnished a safeguard against the multiplication of brigands. The late government of Naples never enforced a conscription. The Italian government boldly attempted

the task, and has twice successfully executed its levies. At least, two hundred thousand young men have been taken from these provinces, and placed in the best possible school of patriotism. There are few more wretched sights than a cargo of these ragged youths when landed on the quays at Leghorn and Genoa. One needed nothing more than a sight of them to stimulate his wonder that the Bourbon government endured so long. But they were stout, strong and brave. Once washed and clothed in the uniform of the Italian soldier, they felt themselves part of the nation, and entered with enthusiasm on their new career. They are distributed among the young men of other provinces, they resign their patois for the national speech, they learn to read, and they become Italians. The Government reposes with just confidence upon the loyalty and fidelity of this army, and one of the most solid grounds for the confidence of all lovers of Italian independence in the certainty of its complete triumph is the fact that four hundred thousand men are training under its banner. The creation of an army out of the young men of all the provinces, and

their commingling and their education so distinctly national, are a mirror of the nation at large and a prophecy of the great future. This prolific fact bears fruit in a thousand directions, is felt in all the homes of the South, heals innumerable sores, and staunches the blood of innumerable wounds. The army has displayed in this trying war a patience, fortitude and activity worthy of all praise. I have related a few proofs of the intrepidity and spirit of the Italian soldiers. Their duty is perilous and trying. This is a war to the death, and one in which the brigand chooses occasions and places at discretion. The army is necessarily broken into many small detachments, in order to protect every village and hamlet in the districts where brigandage prevails. It has frequently happened that twenty soldiers have encountered one or two hundred brigands; and the victory has seldom been on the wrong side.

Nor have the people failed to furnish shining instances of devotion and intrepidity. A band of brigands infesting the Mainarde mountains in 1863, captured a young man named Aniello Bel-

loni. They demanded a ransom and conducted him to a cave. During the night he escaped and ran to inform a detachment of troops, offering to conduct them to the hiding-place. In the long history of brigandage there have been many treacheries perpetrated under the pretence of guiding the soldiers, and the officer naturally distrusted the story of Belloni.

"If I deceive you," said the youth, "you shall shoot me on the spot."

The offer was accepted and Belloni led the troops to the cave. A combat took place, and the five brigands were killed or captured, with a loss on the national side of only one, but that one was Aniello Belloni. This is but one of a hundred similar examples of patriotic spirit.

The statistics of the losses in the brigandage of the last four years have not yet been fully collected. Indeed, from the nature of the case, no complete tables of the waste of property and life can ever be prepared.

The report of the losses sustained to April, 1863, is as follows:—

1861 (eight months).	Brigands killed in conflict .	1343	
	Captured in arms and shot .	365	
			1708
	Arrested, 1571.		
1862.	Brigands killed in conflict	950	
	Captured in arms and shot	594	
			1544
	Arrested, 1106.		
1863 (three months).	Brigands killed in conflict .	120	
	Captured in arms and shot .	79	
			199
	Arrested, 91.		3451

Besides this, in 1861, 1862, and the first three months of 1863, a total of 932 brigands voluntarily surrendered themselves to the judicial power. We have then a total of 7151 brigands put *hors de combat* (of whom 3451 were killed) in twenty-three months.

The losses sustained by the army in the same period are as follows :—

1861 (eight months).	Killed	8	officers,	89	privates.	Total 97
1862	„	8	„	156	„	„ 164
1863 (three months).	„	5	„	41	„	„ 46
						307

During the whole period the wounded were eighty-nine, and there were six prisoners, and nineteen missing.

This table, which is official, enumerates losses of life to the number of three thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight. But it is to be remembered that much of the fighting against the brigands has been done by the national guards, whose losses do not appear in this table, and were probably quite equal to those of the army. It should be noted, too, that no account is here given of the assassinations committed by the brigands. The total loss of life for these twenty-three months cannot be reckoned at less than five thousand. Nor is the account yet finished. The fatigues and exposures of the soldiers have been remarkably exhausting. A colonel commanding eighteen hundred men in the Capitanata during 1863 sometimes had five hundred on the sick list. In a company of one hundred carbineers, there were sometimes barely thirty-five fit for duty, and in a single month three officers and eighty soldiers died of diseases. In the spring of 1864, there were sixty-five thousand soldiers in the Southern provinces, of whom five thousand were in the hospitals.

The regiment of which I have spoken, sta-

tioned in the Capitanata, had a circumference of one hundred miles to guard, and sixty men were kept on guard at the prison of Lucera. Hospitals and sanitary commissions were wanting. The men marched in drenching rains, in snows, and under a burning sun. They slept in the chill and miasmatic air of a region which has waited for three thousand years to be rendered healthy by proper cultivation. When these losses of the Italian army are added to the tables, and account taken of the twelve months for which the statistics are unpublished, the total loss of life occasioned by brigandage since 1860 cannot be reckoned at less than ten thousand. In comparison with the losses of great wars this is a trifle; but it must be remembered that these lives were lost in a state of peace, at a time when European statesmen were styling the clamours of the Italians over brigandage frivolous and childish lamentations over necessary and insignificant troubles.

The loss of life is but a small portion of the aggregate evil. Ten thousand men killed in a day are scarcely missed from the great body of a

nation of twenty millions. But these losses extended over three years have a long train of attendant evils, in the disorganization, insecurity and licentiousness which are the necessary fruits of brigandage. Of the loss of property no statistics can ever be given. The sums paid for ransoms and the contributions levied are enormous. From ten to twenty thousand vagabonds have rioted in the goods of their industrious neighbours, and large sums have gone into hiding places.

The following tabular statement of the brigandage in the province of Foggia in the month of July, 1861, taken from the report of the governor, will show the true character of the greater part of the triumphs won by the "royalist column," and give some idea of the losses of the war:—

July 1. *Casalnovo.*—Two persons were assassinated by brigands in a factory. *Casalvecchio.*—A band of brigands forced Giuseppe Antonio D'Altersio to pay a ransom of two thousand ducats; Pasquale D'Ellisi, six thousand; Gennaro Cono, six hundred; Francesco D'Ondes five hundred; Giuseppe Ferrecchia, two hundred ducats,

under a threat to burn their crops if these impositions were not paid. They compelled the syndic to pay three thousand ducats, threatening to burn his crops and those of his brother.

July 3. *Sansevero.*—Three brigands robbed a horse from a dealer in cattle, and afterwards rifled the pockets of a coach-driver. *Torre Maggiore.*—The brigands killed three mules and wounded a fourth belonging to Tommaso Pensano. They forced a contribution of four hundred ducats from Stefano Cataldo, and burned some oats, straw and a large quantity of hay and grain on a property called Ripalta.

July 5. *Sansevero.*—Four brigands captured Don Ferdinando Parisi, and imposed a ransom of sixty ducats. They released him for thirty ducats. The same day in the same place some disbanded soldiers robbed horses and arms from D. Paolo del Sardo, and ten brigands with a white flag imposed a contribution of three hundred ducats upon D. Luigi Trotta, but contented themselves with forty-eight ducats, taking also a gun. Finally six brigands robbed a gun and some other articles from Don Antonio Gelario.

July 5. *Serracapriola.*—Twenty-four brigands robbed a horse from Pasquale Carita. *Bovino.*—Six brigands took a gun from Nicola Toldo of the national guard.

July 6. *Biccari.*—Five brigands robbed a quantity of cheese and two mules, firing their guns to excite terror, from Lorenzo Goduti. *Casalvecchio.*—Horrible brigandage. Thefts, impositions, sacks, rapes and murders.

July 7. *Torre Maggiore.*—Three brigands took cattle from Felice Di Pompo, Pietro Inglese, and others. Three others captured Alfonso Ferrante, and imposed upon him a ransom of three thousand ducats.

July 8. *Carignola.*—The brigands opposed resistance to the public force. *Castelnuovo.*—The brigands captured a certain Pettinario, and released him for two hundred and thirty-six ducats, and some articles of value.

July 9. *Tenimento di Pietra.*—A band captured the Canon Don Paolo Leo, and subjected him to a ransom for a sum unknown.

July 9. *Torre Maggiore.*—Some brigands took a horse from Don Vincenzo La Medica, and made

him pay a ransom of five thousand ducats. Tomasso La Medica at Lucera was also compelled to pay four thousand ducats and to furnish ammunition to the brigands. Twenty brigands robbed cattle from Giuseppe Montedoro.

July 10. *Ischitella.*—An invasion by brigands. Many houses were attacked, the doors broken, and the contents pillaged. The national guard made preparations to repulse the assailants. *Apricena.*—Filippo Fiorentino was required to pay a thousand ducats as ransom. He was released on paying three hundred and thirty-six ducats and forty grains. *Sansevero.*—Nine brigands took Pasquale Pastruno, requiring a ransom of four thousand ducats, but released him for two hundred and thirty.

July 12. *Carlantino.*—This commune was invaded by brigands, who caused the *Te Deum* to be chanted, and then departed after pillaging and burning.

July 13. *Castelluccio.*—Brigands assassinated Michele Agresti.

July 14. *Castelluccio.*—Crops burned (loss

estimated at two thousand ducats) on the property of D. Eugenio Pisano, *because he had refused to pay a contribution imposed by the brigands.*

July 18. *Foggia.*—Brigandage was horrible throughout the province. Excesses of every kind. *Cerignola.*—Three mules taken from the Duke of Bisaccia.

July 19. *Serracapriola.*—Anselmi Petronio was assassinated by brigands.

July 20. *Sansevero.*—Giuseppe Monelli, Salvatore Codipietro and other brigands, burned the crops of Don Pietro Pasquale, and carried off carts and farming implements, *because he had refused to pay two thousand ducats demanded by them.*

July 22. *Sannicandro.*—A contribution of two hundred ducats was required from Vincenzo Vocale. He paid one hundred and sixty. The brigands took some other booty. *Sansevero.*—Five hundred ducats demanded from Pasquale Petracchione. He paid only two hundred. Damage done to the amount of two thousand and four hundred ducats at Giovinazzo. *Montesan-*

tangelo.—Bartolomeo Scarano was assassinated by some disbanded soldiers, *because he had been a volunteer to repress the reactionary movement in April.*

July 24. *Torre Maggiore.*—A horse was stolen at Bocala. Sixteen hundred ducats were demanded from Don Pasquale Fusi. The brigands killed his herds.

If the reader will remember that this is for a single month in one of a half-dozen provinces ravaged by brigandage, and then make the proper multiplications, he will see that three years of brigandage have cost Italy no small amount of suffering. It is worthy of notice in this list that in all but two cases the ransoms and contributions were paid, and that the two recusants suffered severely for their loyal refusal to compact with robbers. Nor will the murder of Bartolomeo Scarano pass unnoticed. He was barbarously assassinated for discharging a patriotic duty in the interest of order and tranquillity.

It is part of the system of reaction and its

instrument brigandage to terrify the citizens of these provinces from the path of courageous duty. It is easy to imagine in how many houses the fate of Scarano was quoted by timid friends and pious pastors as a warning against fighting "the brigands who bring us peace."

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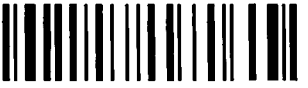
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